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VOL. II

1886

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VOLUME II.

THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF CARLYLE, WITH NOTES CONCERNING HIS 'REMINISCENCES.'

AT the close of a note to me in 1873, Mr. Emerson wrote, "I please myself with believing that you will take care hereafter that his (Carlyle's) memory suffers no detriment on this side the sea." I had no thought at the time that such a duty could ever fall to me; and the words passed from my remembrance.

After Mr. Emerson's death, having occasion to refer to his note, this sentence, read afresh, and, as it were, for the first time, appealed to me as an injunction to do what might be in my power to remove the false impressions which, especially since the publication of Carlyle's own *Reminiscences* and of Froude's *Life* of him, have become current concerning him, and do wrong to his memory. A sufficient time has, perhaps, now elapsed since these books appeared to admit of a cool revision of the hasty and, in large measure, mistaken judgment to which they led.

My personal acquaintance with Carlyle began when he was an old man. I saw him first in 1869, and then but seldom. He spoke to me at that time of his intention to leave such of his books as related to Cromwell and Frederick the Great to some library in America; and his final determination to bequeath them to the library of Harvard College was the occasion of some correspondence between us in the course of the two following years. In 1872 I returned to London, for a stay of several months. During this time I saw much of Carlyle, and relations of affectionate friendliness grew up between us.

In 1872 Carlyle was seventy-seven years old, a hale, vigorous old man, "every organ and function of his body sound," as he himself declared, except for the trembling of his hand, which made writing difficult. His mind was no less healthy. Age had mellowed but had not impaired him.

The muscles of his strong and rugged face were still firm, and under steady control, and the lines drawn upon it by character and experience had suffered no deterioration. The light had not gone out of his eye; his sight was excellent; his glance keen, quick, and penetrating. His voice was full and unbroken, and his laugh was still deep and sonorous. His body was erect, his motions easy, his gait firm.

The variety and depth of expression in his countenance, and the accord of his looks with the emotion within, were such as are seldom seen in any face. There was no grimace or affectation in his look or manner. His face when quiet was rugged as that of a shepherd of the hills; grave, stern, sad as that of a Covenanter; a face fit for one of the "Scottish Worthies." I never saw in it anything of that aspect of semi-professional melancholy which appears in some of his photographs. It had the look of one who had found life a tragedy, —"alas! is not the Life of every such man a Tragedy, made up of Fate and one's own Deservings,"—but who had retained his self-possession, and who, though worn, was not worsted by the years. Mingled with his stern aspect, nay, quite indissoluble from it, was a look of tenderness that easily kindled into a smile as sympathetic and as kindly as ever lit up a human face.

His laugh was not, as often with grave men, merely a smile become more or less vocal, but a deep-seated, cordial utterance, full of humorous intonation and suggestion, giving significant interpretation to the words that preceded or followed it, depriving satire of bitterness, and reënforcing the mirth of lively exaggerations. "How much," said Carlyle in 'Sartor Resartus,' "lies in laughter! the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man." He might have drawn from himself his description of "a stern face, stern as any Hebrew, but capable withal of bursting into inextinguishable laughter on occasion; do you understand that new and better form of character? Laughter if it come from the heart is a heavenly thing."

His whole expression,—look, manner, word, tone,—gave evidence of that sincerity which was the controlling trait of his nature, an inherited trait, strengthened by personal conviction and rooted in princi-

ple. What he said of his father, might be as truly applied to himself, "He was a man singularly free from affectation."

His talk had lost nothing of its raciness and vigor. In substance and in form it was the genuine expression of his exceptionally distinct individual temperament and genius, and of the wide range of his interest in human concerns. Much of it was of the nature of reminiscences, concerning his early life, the men whom he had known, the incidents he had witnessed or taken part in. In all this the extraordinary vigor and exactness of his memory were displayed; the impressions of the past seemed to stand complete pictures before him, sharp in outline, full in detail, and fresh as if of but yesterday. He talked but little of his immediately personal affairs; there was no touch of vanity or self-engrossment in his narratives. He had no conceit about his works, and never put on the air of a prophet, or of a man deserving of superior consideration.

One day the talk fell upon his books. "Poor old *Sartor!*" he said. "It's a book in which I take little satisfaction; really a book worth very little as a work of art, a fragmentary, disjointed, vehement production. It was written when I was livin' at Craigenputtock, one o' the solitariest places on the face o' the earth; a wild moor-land place where one might lead a wholesome, simple life, and might labor without interruption, and be not altogether without peace such as London cannot give. We were quite alone, and there is much that is beautiful and precious in them as I look back on those days." He went on to tell of the difficulties he had in getting the book published, of which an account has since been given in his *Life*, and of the lack of favor with which it was at first received, and then he said, "But it's been so with all my books. I've had little satisfaction or encouragement in the doin' of them, and the most satisfaction I can get out of them now is the sense of havin' shouldered a heavy burden o' work, an' not flinched under it. I've had but one thing to say from beginnin' to end o' them, and that was, that there's no other reliance for this world or any other but just the Truth, and that if men did not want to be damned to all eternity, they had best give up lyin', and all kinds o' falsehood; that the world was far gone already through lyin', and that there's no hope for it save just so far as men find out and believe the Truth, and match their lives to it. But on the whole the world has gone on lyin' worse than ever! (A laugh.) It's not a very pleasin' retrospect,—those books o' mine,—of a long life; a beggarly account of empty boxes.

"Doubtless it's better to see things breaking up and falling into confusion if so we can only get rid of the endless dubieties and bottomless insincerities of this hag-ridden old world. The very last entirely sincere voice heard in England was that of Oliver Cromwell; the spirit of the Truth was in *him*."

Carlyle's talk stamped itself on the memory, but it cannot be truly reported, for dialect, voice, tone, pause, emphasis and expression of face, were all essential elements of it. It was full of incommunicable flashes of humor, and gleams of imagination. His speech was an interpretation of his written words, and had his letters and his personal records addressed the ear as well as the eye, they would have lain far less open to misunderstanding. Carlyle, indeed, used capitals, italics and punctuation, as no other writer has used them, to give the full weight and just balance to written clause and sentence, but, even as he employed them, they cannot supply the place of intonation and look. He wrote as if speaking, but the vital significance of voice and manner are lacking in the printed words.

Though the dry bones of such talk as his can afford but faint suggestion of the flesh and blood of it, I will give a few passages from the imperfect record I made of it at the time, as illustrations of some of the currents of his thoughts. But the reader must bear in mind that this record was a pale abridgment, and that only a full report could do justice to the idiomatic vigor of his sentences, the richness of his vocabulary, the intermingling of gravity and lightness in his moods, and the play of his wholesome humor.

It was on the 9th of January, 1873, that Louis Napoleon died. "Poor wretch!" said Carlyle, "I never thought to feel so much pity for the man. Ah dear! and the poor creature has gone now from this wonderful welter and confusion in which he lived so long. The mystery and the awe of death round him now, and not one single good result plain from all his life,—a very pitiable and movin' end! I never talked with the man but once; I sat next him at a dinner at the Stanleys' and he tried to convert me to his notions; but such ideas as he possessed had no real fire in them, not so much as a capacity for flame; his mind was a kind of extinct sulphur pit, and gave out nothing but a smell of rotten sulphur.——A tragi-comedian, or comic tragedian; and dying in this lamentable, ignominious sort of way. As he lay there in pain he must have wished that a cannon-ball had smashed the brains of him at Saarbrück or Sedan.——I remember when he came over here, years ago, with that Spanish woman,

his wife, they were to have a grand entry into the city, and I was hurrying home from where I had been at work to get out o' the way of the whole proceeding, and as I went up Piccadilly the crowd was standing thick on the sidewalk to see him and her go by, and such a collection of deformity and misery I never saw in my life. It seemed as if London had turned out all its wretches,—crippled, and blind and humpbacked and distorted,—to greet him, and I could not help thinking it was one of the penalties of such a man to be *always* attended by cripples and deformed dwarfs, and always in dread of some lurking assassin."

. . . . . .

The exactness and readiness of Carlyle's memory were not less striking as regards books than as regards his personal experiences. He cited easily, and more often from Shakspere and Dante than from others.

"Andrew Marvell's poems," said he one day, "are worth reading, though I find little of divine inspiration in them, and I don't value the man over highly. In fact, Cromwell was the only man of that time whom one can wholly reverence. The more I learn of him the surer am I that he was among the greatest of the sons of men.

"The mask taken from the dead face of him is the very likeness of the man,—grand, stern, melancholy, tender. I know no other mortal head so fine.*——I never saw the mask of Dante, but he too had a face worthy of him. I've tried to get the best likeness of him I could find, and I would like to see the mask for what it could tell of the man's spiritual history from the time when Giotto painted him as he was when he said—

"'Io mi son un che quando
Amore spira, noto; ed a quel modo
Che ditta dentro, vo significando.'

. . . . . .

"I've been much misunderstood in my time; lately now I was readin' an article on Froude's view of Ireland written by a man ye've no doubt met, one ——, a willow-pattern sort o' man, voluble but harmless, a pure herbivorous, nay, mere graminiverous creature, and he says with many terms of compliment that there's 'a great and venerable author,' meanin' myself, who's done infinite harm to the world by preachin' the gospel that Might makes Right; and he

* A copy of this mask which belonged to Carlyle is now with his books on Cromwell in the library of Harvard College. It was taken from the original mould.

seems to have no idea that this is the very precise and absolute contrary to the truth I hold and have endeavored to set forth, namely and simply, that *Right makes Might.* Well do I remember when in my younger days the force o' this truth dawned on me. It was a sort of Theodicy to me, a clew to many facts to which I have held on from that day to this. But it's little matter to me at this hour. I'll not undertake to set myself right now. If the truth is in my books it will be found out in due time, and if it's not there, why then the sooner they utterly perish the better."

It is indeed a careless student of Carlyle who misunderstands his teaching. He has repeated it over and over again in plain words, in plainer illustrations. "Await the issue," he says, in his *Past and Present;* "in all battles if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might at the close of the account were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies, indeed, but his work lives." Put in its briefest form—"In the long run, in the final issue, the just thing proves to be the strong thing."

The misunderstanding of Carlyle's doctrine is not, however, so serious a matter as the misunderstanding of the man himself. He himself has, indeed, said with truth, "No man can explain himself, can get himself explained. Men see not one another, but distorted phantasms which they call one another." The average man is not troubled at this, he sees himself mainly as he is reflected from the eyes of others, and by conforming himself to the common convention of the crowd he secures himself from being much misseen. It is an image of themselves that men find in the words or deeds of others. They can interpret another only by the terms of their own nature. In an amiable, self-satisfied age, full of dreams of progress, fed on all sorts of so-called material prosperity, lacking faith in spiritual truths, and professing faith in what no man believes, there are few who can judge fairly a character of such sincerity that it will not hearken to falsehood, will not cry peace where there is no peace, will not join in the pæan of selfishness, while it regards the evidences of a material prosperity based on injustice as nothing better than a dust-heap of sensual satisfactions. Sympathy is the first essential for insight. *That*, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, Carlyle possessed; and were his critics to look with sympathy at him, they might find, as he said of Mirabeau, "that there lay verily in him, as

the basis of all, a Sincerity, a great free Earnestness; nay call it Honesty, for the man did before all things see into what *was*, into what existed as fact, and did follow that and no other."

The insincerity and dishonesty among all classes and conditions in the actual world,—and perhaps especially in England,—seemed to him to threaten the very foundations of social order. They were not more prevalent in trade and commerce, than in politics and the Church.

"A German not long since told me," said he, "that when in his youth he was sent from his little village to the market town to make purchases, maybe once or twice a year, he was instructed, 'If you can find English goods, buy them; they cost a little more, but they wear better and last longer.' But now the instruction would be, 'Don't buy English goods, they cost a little less, but there's less worth in them.' Each instruction right, for England has betaken herself to shams, and is filling the world with shoddy. There's great talk about the wrongs of the workmen and laborers, but the very first and chiefest of their wrongs is that they're set to the doing of *quack* work, and paid wages for dishonesty. Surely a day of reckoning is not far off,—terrible, when the hand of the Lord shall exact payment for such iniquity."

Another day, in a different mood, he spoke of the pleasure he had had in reading the lately published 'Memorials of a Quiet Life,'—records of the Hare family, many of whom he had known,—"a varra true and delightful picture of all that is best in our poor old Church of England, that's become so decrepit of late, and is hastenin' toward its much to be desired end;—a varra sweet picture o' piety and purity, with somethin' o' pardonable priggishness perhaps. The story o' poor Hare's death did what I had thought might never be done again,—make tears flow of which the fount has long been dry."

"One begins to despair o' this poor old England seein' how religion has died out of it; no livin' faith left. There's never been a nation yet that did anythin' great that wasn't deeply religious."

"I'm not such a varra bloody-minded old villain after all," (laughing,) "not quite so wicked an ogre as some o' the good people fancy. But the world is varra black to me, an' I see little to be content with in this brand-new, patent society of ours. There's nothin' to look for from it but confusion; an' the times that are comin' will, it's likely enough, be worse than ours, till, by and by, men may, through long pain an' distress, learn to obey the law eternal of order, with-

out which there can be neither justice nor real happiness in this world or any other. The last man in England who had real faith in that law was Oliver Cromwell. . . ."

Emerson made his last visit to England in the spring of 1873. "It's a happiness to see Emerson once more," said Carlyle. "But there's a great contrast between him and me. He seems very content with life, an' takes much satisfaction in the world, especially in your country. One would suppose to hear him that ye had no troubles there, and no share in the darkness that hangs over these old lands. It's a varra strikin' and curious spectacle to behold a man in these days so confidently cheerful as Emerson."

Carlyle often spoke with interest and affection of Ruskin: "A man of quite unique moral quality, and doin' more good than any other man in England. It's amazin' to see with what hate he is hated by all the people who cherish the evil things in the world. I was readin' last night the new volume of his works, and at every sentence I cried *Euge*, and wanted to lay the book down and clap my hands in applause. [The book was 'Time and Tide.'] Unless he gets his writin's diminished and in order he'll not be read as he ought to be. If he had but twenty or thirty good years before him to shoot his swift, singing arrows at the Python, he'd make the monster turn up his white belly at last."

"How can Ruskin justify his devotion to Art. Art does nothin' in these days, and is good for nothin'; and of all topics of human concern there's not one in which there's more hypocrisy and vain speakin'. . . . The pictures in our days have seldom any scrap of help or meanin' for any human soul,—mere products of emptiness and idleness, works o' the devil some o' them, but most o' them rather deservin' to be consigned without delay to the *limbo dei bambini*."

"'Tis easy to find fault with Ruskin for his petulance and unreason and such other sins as they charge on him; but he's very much to be excused, and there's little or nothin' in him that needs to be forgiven."

I do not remember ever hearing Carlyle speak harshly or unkindly of any one, but, on the contrary, he seemed to me to be sometimes misled in his judgment of men by his own sincerity, and to attribute to them the possession of qualities to which they made pretence, but of which they had only the semblance. He accepted agreement in opinion as indicating moral sympathies which, perhaps, did not in

fact exist. To suppose him cynical or hard at heart is an entire misreading of his nature. His severe judgment of some of his contemporaries, which sound harsh to tender ears, proceeded not from want of charity, but from a strict demand for moral uprightness, for seriousness of purpose, for steady resistance to known and open temptation. The standard by which he judged was indeed more exacting than the common measure. But he required nothing of others that he did not demand of himself. The sense of the responsibility for the conduct of life was intense with him. He was telling me one day of having read, when a youth, at Edinburgh, De Quincey's 'Opium Eater.' "I'd been sleepless for many nights; and, wretched from want of sleep, I'd begun to think of havin' recourse to laudanum; but, when I finished that book, I said to myself, Better, a thousand times better, *die* than have anythin' to do with such a devil's own drug." By inheritance, by temperament, by conviction, he was a Puritan. Whatever De Quincey's merits might be, they could be no set-off against the miserable weakness that wrecked his life; nor could any virtues and sacrifices of Charles Lamb, nor any temptations to which he was exposed, serve for excuse of the fact that he was often a shameless drunken driveller, frivolous in conduct, no less than in speech. It would be difficult to find a man more unlike Carlyle than Leigh Hunt, or more diverse in habits of life and thought, but they held each other in friendly regard, and Leigh Hunt has borne, in his Autobiography, the warmest testimony to the tenderness and charity of Carlyle.

In his old age Carlyle's feelings remained quick, keen, and intense. He still readily flashed into rightful scorn and generous contempt, but he did not storm, or denounce, or preach. Asperity and petulance were softened, if not subdued in him. As I knew him, his most striking characteristics were not those of the intellect but of the heart. Childless, he was full of sweet thoughtfulness for children (as I had abundant opportunity for observing), and his ways with them were most gentle and gracious. He had a peculiar power of making his sympathy felt, without open words or direct expression. His imagination quickened and gave truth to his sympathies. In early years he had not fully learned the importance in the sum of happiness in life of frequent and frank expression, in varied mode, of the sentiment lying in the heart. But bitter experience had taught him this lesson. "Thou who wouldst give, give quickly; in the grave thy loved one can receive no kindness."

Little more remained for him to do in the world. "I'm a very auld man," he said one day, "sorely burdened for the last seven years, and the best thing that could happen to me would be to be taken from this weary world." His work lay behind him. He looked back over years full of toil and pain, and "all sorts of real fighting, without which," as he himself said, "a man attains to nothing here below." He was resting on his arms, worn but not worn out, glad to have escaped defeat. He had had deep joys in life, but the joys had been so mingled with hardship, and through his own defects and those of others had been made so imperfect, that the retrospect was not a gladsome one. The depth of his soul was grave and sad, but its surface was often bright with the glancing lights of fancy, and the gleams of humor. Pain, toil, and sorrow had wrought their full work upon him. They had made him stern, and at times gloomy and depressed, but there was no moroseness in his gloom, no despair in his depression. He had been bruised and shaken, but he remained firm, steady, and self-possessed. He stood,

> "—— come torre ferma, che non crolla
> Giammai la cima per soffiar de' venti."

So far as I know, he had neither anxiety nor curiosity about the future. His religious faith seemed to be summed up in a single point,—that the universe, and he and all men, as part of it, were in the hands of one All Wise and All Good. With dogma, or with question of How or Wherefore he had no concern. It was all indifferent to him. Speaking once of his stay at Mentone in the winter of 1867, he said, "It's a beautiful coast but very awful; the great mountains with bare heads and breasts, rugged, an' scarred, an' wrinkled, an' horrible as the very Witch of Endor, but clothed on below with flowin' garments o' green stretchin' down to where they dip their feet in the still waters. Never in my life was I so solitary, and oppressed at heart, as in my long walks through those chestnut woods with their brown carpet o' last year's leaves. I was bowed under heavy sorrow; and grief teaches one the measureless solitude o' life, when sympathy is of no sort of avail whatsoever; an' no comfort or counsel is good for aught, except what a man can find in himself; and not much there, savin' as the conviction is borne in on him that in mystery an' darkness everythin' is ruled by one Most Wise and Most Good, and he learns to say in his heart, 'Thy will be done.' There's not much need of any other prayer but that."

Grave as was Carlyle's habitual mood, and mournful as were many of his thoughts, he was by no means an unhappy man. He did not, like Byron, "curse his day." He was of that nobler class of men who, in spite of the evil that oppresses them, the darkness that surrounds them, and the misery from which they suffer, hold fast to the intimations of good in the universe and in themselves, and live secure in the faith that truth in the long-run will prevail against falsehood, and right gain the mastery of wrong. Such men, as he long ago said, "dwell as in a Golgotha where peace is not appointed them. Hard for most part is the fate of such men; the harder the nobler they are. In dim forecastings the 'Divine Idea of the World' wrestles within them, yet will nowhere visibly reveal itself."

As life drew near its close for him, the mystery did not dissipate from around it, but he still walked firmly and steadily through the deepening twilight,—strong, venerable, solitary.

A character of such exceptional vigor and elevation as Carlyle's is not likely to be judged correctly by the contemporary generation. And in Carlyle's case, the popular misconceptions concerning him have been greatly aggravated since his death by his own Reminiscences, and especially by the *Life* of him by his chosen biographer. For the wrong that is now done to his memory Mr. Froude is essentially responsible.

For several years before his death Mr. Froude had been, perhaps, his most trusted friend. By his Will, made in 1873, Carlyle left to him his "manuscript entitled *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*." "Of that manuscript my kind, considerate, and ever-faithful friend James Anthony Froude (as he has lovingly promised me) takes precious charge in my stead. To him therefore I give it with whatever other fartherances and elucidations may be possible, and I solemnly request of him to do his best and wisest in the matter, as I feel assured he will. There is incidentally a quantity of Autobiographic Record in my notes to this Manuscript; but except as subsidiary and elucidative of the text I put no value on such. Express biography of me I had really rather that there should be none. James Anthony Froude, John Forster, and my Brother John, will make earnest survey of the Manuscript and its subsidiaries there or elsewhere, in respect to this as well as to its other bearings; their united utmost candour and impartiality, taking always James Anthony Froude's practicality along

with it, will evidently furnish a better judgment than mine can be. The Manuscript is by no means ready for publication; nay, the questions How, When (after what delay,—seven, ten years) it, or any portion of it should be published, are still dark to me, but on all such points James Anthony Froude's practical summing-up and decision is to be taken as mine. [Here follow directions relating to other matters; the Will continues.] My other Manuscripts I leave to my Brother John. They are with one exception of no moment to me. I have never seen any of them since they were written. . . . Many or most of these papers I often feel that I myself should burn; but probably I never shall after all. The 'one exception' spoken of above is a sketch of my Father and his life hastily thrown off in the nights between his death and burial, full of earnest affection and veracity, most likely unfit for printing, but I wish it to be taken charge of by my Brother John and preserved in the Family. Since, I think, the very night of my Father's Funeral (far away from London and me), I have never seen a word of that poor bit of writing." By a codicil to the Will made in 1878, he gave the leasehold messuage of his house, and all effects therein which were not specifically bequeathed, to his brother John for his life, and after his death to his niece, Mary Carlyle Aitken absolutely. His brother John died before him, and his niece, now Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, immediately succeeded to the property, in which the mass of her uncle's papers was included.

Mr. Forster's death having also preceded Carlyle's, the sole responsibility for the use of the manuscripts confided to him fell upon Mr. Froude.

Carlyle died in February, 1881. Within less than three months after his death Mr. Froude published the two volumes entitled *Reminiscences, by Thomas Carlyle.* They were made up of the sketch, referred to in his Will, of his father's life, and of semi-autobiographical narratives concerning Edward Irving, Lord Jeffrey, and Jane Welsh Carlyle, and *Reminiscences of Sundry*, printed in an appendix to the other papers. The narrative concerning his wife had been begun just a month after her death, which took place on April 21, 1866, and was continued and completed in the course of the summer of that year. It was written when the common interests of life had lost hold of him, and when grief was filling his heart; and for the time afforded to him a natural and much-needed occupation. When it was concluded, he took up the account of his relations

with Edward Irving as a proper sequel and supplement to the previous narrative; begun in the autumn at Cheyne Row, it was completed in the winter at Mentone, whither he had gone for change of scene, at the urgency of friends, but where he found himself even more solitary and sad than in his empty home, while at the same time he was suffering greatly in health. Here, too, he wrote the paper on Jeffrey, and *Reminiscences of Sundry.* It seems obvious that writings of this nature, undertaken for the relief of pressing sorrow; frank, personal, private communications with the past, not intended for publication, must require, if published, the most considerate and careful editing. Any friend, to whose hands they might be committed, would naturally feel that such a trust was essentially of the nature of a personal confidence. The implicit trust which Carlyle had expressed in his Will in the judgment and kindness of Mr. Froude, imposed a peculiar obligation upon him. He was especially bound to see that in the publication of his friend's remains nothing should appear which the writer would not himself have been willing to give to the public, and nothing be exposed to unfriendly eyes that could convey a false impression, or by misinterpretation do wrong to the memory of his friend.

In the preface to the *Reminiscences*, Mr. Froude states that he had told Carlyle that he "thought they ought to be printed with the requisite omissions immediately after his own death. He agreed with me that it should be so." He adds, "the reader has here before him Mr. Carlyle's own handiwork, but without his last touches, not edited by himself, not corrected by himself, perhaps most of it not intended for publication." He states further that Carlyle had forgotten his own work; that when, ten years after it was written, "I found the Irving MS. and asked him about it, he did not know to what I was alluding." This fact is to be borne in mind in connection with the statement repeated (by Mr. Froude) "for clearness' sake" that these papers are published with Mr. Carlyle's consent, but without his supervision. "The detailed responsibility," Mr. Froude justly adds, "is therefore entirely my own."

The *Reminiscences* exhibit their writer's character with a truth seldom attained in autobiographical narrative, and delineate his friends with astonishing vivacity and reality of portraiture. Carlyle's sincerity was complete. His memory was as strong and clear as that of Dante; the images of the past were, as I have already said, distinct to him as those of the actual moment. His eye was

sure for those external characteristics by which the disposition is revealed, and his sympathetic imagination quickened and gave truth to his insight of the interior and essential traits of character. There is nothing in the book untrue to himself, or which, so far as related to himself alone, he might have been unwilling to have published, but there is much in it that, for the sake of others, should not have been printed, and the publication of which it is certain he would positively and imperatively have forbidden. Such a consent as Mr. Froude states that he gave in late years, when he had lost remembrance of what he had written, had no unqualified value. It meant at the most, "I confide in your judgment in a matter on which I now have none." That his confidence was misplaced was a grave misfortune, but Mr. Froude's admission in regard to the condition of Carlyle's memory concerning the substance of the manuscript relieves Carlyle from blame for the fault of its publication.

Fortunately, moreover, Carlyle's intention and wishes in regard to the most intimate and considerable portion of his *Reminiscences* are not to be determined by inference, however convincing. Direct, positive, and conclusive evidence exists as to his real mind at the time when the facts were clearly present to him.

Mr. Froude states that his consent to publication of the *Reminiscences* was given upon the understanding that "requisite omissions" should be made. I have compared the original manuscript of the book with the printed pages, and the result of the comparison, so far as omissions are concerned, is as follows.

At p. 98 a page of the manuscript is omitted, telling of the sending of the little Jane Welsh, when eight or nine years old, "to board with some kind of ex-Governor Person." This omission seems due to mere oversight.

At p. 101, between five and six pages of the manuscript are omitted. The passage omitted begins, after the narration of anecdotes of Jane Welsh's childhood, as follows, "I will write of all this no further: the beauty of it is so steeped to me in pain. Why do I write at all, for that matter? Can I ever forget? And is not all this appointed by me rigorously to the *fire?* Somehow, it solaces me to have written it." This is followed by a statement that Mrs. Carlyle "had written, at one time, something of her own early life; but she gave up and burnt it." Then comes a brief account of their life at Comley Bank, of which "Geraldine's [Miss Jewsbury's] account is extremely mythical," including notices of Jeffrey and Wil-

son; and to this succeeds an account of one of Miss Welsh's lovers, a worthless cousin, whose story had been told by Miss Jewsbury in a part of her narrative omitted by Mr. Froude. There is no special interest in it, and no special reason is obvious for its omission.

At p. 174, an account of a servant is omitted. This servant, afterwards, showed great attachment to Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, and having risen in life, the omission is kindly intended.

The only other omissions, with a single exception, of more than words or clauses, which seem to have been dropped out through carelessness, are of passages noting the dates and incidents of the days on which Carlyle was then writing. Several such passages have been retained, for instance, on pp. 222, 249, 251. They give an impression of the conditions under which Carlyle was recalling his past life, and there seems no reason for the arbitrary insertion of some of them and the omission of others.

Such omissions as these are plainly not such as Carlyle had in mind when he stipulated that "requisite omissions" should be made. But the single exception referred to above is of a different character.

At the end of the note-book that contains the greater part of the narrative entitled "Jane Welsh Carlyle," is a loose sheet originally wafered on to the last page of the book. The first paragraph on this sheet is the last in Mr. Froude's volumes,—a most tender and affecting passage. Two unimportant paragraphs follow, and then come these words, the motive for the omission of which is plain. No indication is given in the printed text of their omission.

"I still mainly mean to *burn** this book before my own departure, but feel that I shall always have a kind of grudge to do it, and an indolent excuse, 'Not *yet;* wait, any day that can be done!'—and that it *is* possible the thing *may* be left behind me, legible to inter[est]ed survivors,—*friends* only, I will hope, and with worthy curiosity, not *un*worthy!

"In which event, I solemnly forbid them, each and all, to publish this Bit of writing *as it stands here;* and warn them that *without fit editing* no *part* of it should be printed (nor so far as I can order, *shall* ever be); and that the 'fit editing' of perhaps nine-tenths of it will, after I am gone, have become *impossible.*

T. C. (Sat'y, 28 July, 1866.)"

It is difficult to conceive of a more sacred injunction than this.

* The italics are Carlyle's.

It has been violated in every detail. This "Bit of writing" has been published "as it stands here," and not only without fit editing, but with editing, as I shall show, of the most perfunctory, indifferent, and inexcusably careless character.

Immediately upon the publication of the book, Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, for the justification of her uncle's memory, sent a letter to the *Times*, dated May 4, 1881, in which she copied this solemn charge. She added, "Mr. Froude explains that these very clear directions were cancelled by subsequent oral communications to him by Mr. Carlyle. Mr. Froude's words are: 'My own conviction is that he wished it to be published, though he would not himself order it.' I was aware of the existence of this manuscript note-book, and during the nearly thirteen years I was his constant companion, I many times heard my uncle speak of it. I was led to form an opinion entirely different from Mr. Froude's as to his wishes regarding it; and was astounded when I learned by chance that it was in print."

Mr. Froude replied in the *Times* of the next day, restating the fact that Mr. Carlyle had placed this manuscript and others in his charge with the request "that I would do with it whatever might seem best to me after he was gone." "After examining them I came to the conclusion that the greater part of the memoir ought to be published as it was. If this was first done I could undertake to edit the rest, otherwise I must decline the responsibility. I cannot give my reason without entering on a subject on which it is better to be silent." The intimation in this last sentence is as obscure as it is unbecoming and needless. Mr. Froude goes on, "It is enough that I immediately told Mr. Carlyle what I thought. He replied that he left the decision to me. He was himself unable to judge. It was understood that certain parts were to be omitted. The only condition that he made was that the publication should be deferred till ten years from that time. This was in 1871."

This is Mr. Froude's plea in justification of his course! Even if entire confidence be placed in his statements, they fail to establish a valid justification of his violation of the written injunctions. He says that "it was understood that certain parts would be omitted." The only important omission is of the passage forbidding the publication. It does not seem to me necessary to add more on this point.

Mr. Froude, having resolved to violate Carlyle's express injunction, and to disregard in essentials the pledge which he admits,

that "certain parts were to be omitted," remained at least under an implied obligation, to discharge the minor but still important functions of an editor, in seeing that the work should be presented to the public correctly, and with careful supervision of the press. But in the unseemly haste with which the book was hurried out, within a few weeks after Carlyle's death, even this duty was disregarded by the friend who "had lovingly promised to take precious charge" of his work, and whom Carlyle had "solemnly requested to do his best and wisest in the matter." *

On comparison of the original manuscript with the printed text it appears that not only the distinctive features of emphasis and punctuation, with which Carlyle gave such life and character to written words that they may be read almost as if with the tone, pause and inflection of speech, have been for the most part cancelled, but that the pages are disfigured with misprints by which the sense is changed and even destroyed. A few instances will suffice to show their character. I cite the pages of the original edition, in the second volume of which, on p. 92, the narrative begins, as follows, as Mr. Froude prints it:

"Few or none of these narratives [Miss Jewsbury's] are correct in detail, but there is a certain mythical truth in all or most of them. That of young lovers, especially that of flirting, is much exaggerated. If 'flirt' means one who tries to inspire love without feeling it, I do not think she ever was a flirt. But she was very charming, full of grave clear insight," etc.

Carlyle's manuscript read thus: "In fact, there is a certain mythical truth, in all or most parts of the poor scribble, and it may *wait* its doom, or execution. That of young lovers, especially that of *flirting*, is much exaggerated: if 'flirt' means one who tries to inspire love without feeling it, I do not think she ever was a flirt. But she was very charming, full of grace, talent, clear insight," etc.

P. 94. *Froude.*—"It broke her health for the next two or three years."

Carlyle.—"It broke her health permanently within the next two or three years."

P. 98. *Froude.*—"I often told her how very beautiful her child-

* These words are, as the reader will remember, taken from Carlyle's Will, confiding to Mr. Froude the manuscript entitled, "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," with whatever other furtherances and elucidations may be possible.

hood was to me, so authentic-looking actual, in her charming, naïve and humorous way of telling."

Carlyle.—"I often told her how very beautiful her childhood was to me,—so authentic-looking withal in her charmingly naïve and humorous way of telling."

P. 100. *Froude.*—"Music began, but also, alas, it was the wrong music, impossible to dance that *pas seul* to it. . . . Music ceased, took counsel, scraped; began again; again wrong; hopelessly, flatly impossible."

Carlyle.—"Music began,—but alas, alas, it was the wrong music; impossible to dance that *Pas seul* to it! . . . Music ceased, took counsel, scraped, began again; again wrong, hopelessly; the *pas seul* flatly impossible."

It would take too much space, and this is not the place to note all such carelessnesses and changes as these. I will give but two or three more examples of them.

P. 126. *Froude.*—"He was serious, pensive, not more, or sad in those old times."

Carlyle.—"He was serious, pensive, not morose or sad in those old times."

P. 198. *Froude.*—"My darling rolled it all over upon me, and not one straw about it."

Carlyle.—"My Darling rolled it all over upon me, cared not one straw about it."

P. 199. *Froude.*—"Chapman (hard-fisted cautious bibliographer)."

Carlyle.—"Chapman (hard-fisted cautious Bibliopole)."

P. 207. *Froude.*—("Translations from the German, rather poorly some. . . .")

Carlyle.—("Translations from the German, rather poorly done.")

P. 218. *Froude.*—"My astonishment at the 'Reform' M. P.'s . . . and the notions they seemed 'reforming.'"

Carlyle.—"My astonishment at the Reform M. P.'s . . . and the notions they seemed to have of reforming."

P. 237. *Froude.*—"What joys can surround every well-ordered human heart."

Carlyle.—"What joys can surround every well-ordered human hearth."

Such printing as this does not evince any "best care." But this portion of the volumes of the *Reminiscences* is far more correctly

printed than the other parts. A new edition of the book, printed as Carlyle wrote it, is required in justice to his memory.*

A similar indifference to Carlyle's injunctions of privacy, a similar carelessness in the printing of his manuscript are exhibited in many parts of Mr. Froude's *Life* of him, together with many misstatements of fact and misrepresentations of character and action. I must, however, reserve the proof of this assertion for another occasion.

To have placed unlimited confidence in one capable of such dealing with a sacred trust seems to me to have been Carlyle's gravest error. It was an error for which the heaviest penalty has been exacted.

It will be long before Carlyle's memory recovers from the blow which the man whom he trusted has dealt it. But the day will, I believe, come, when his life and character will be more correctly judged than they have generally been during recent years, and their influence, no less than that of his works, be recognized as one of the most invigorating and wholesome moral forces of our time.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

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* This is not the place to exhibit the exceptional and extraordinary carelessness manifest in the other parts of the book. In the thirty pages of the appendix, *Reminiscences of Sundry*, I have noted "poetically" misprinted for "politically;" "sneaking" for "sharking;" "flash" for "slash;" "visible" for "legible;" "parties" for "Parliament;" "secure" for "severe;" "animosity" for "animation;" "we" for "he;" "much" for "the least;" "survives" for "arrives;" "satisfied" for "gratified;" "compeers" for "conjurers;" "fore-coast" for "forecourt;" "speech" for "speed;" "backed" for "fated;" "ever" for "even;" "sunlight" for "bright;" "ended" for "added;"—and besides such misprints, destructive often of the sense, there are numerous omissions of words and clauses, not to speak of the habitual disregard of the punctuation, italics and capitals of the original.

One misprint of a peculiarly unfortunate character occurs on p. 312, in the account of the late Sir Henry Taylor, a man whom Carlyle held in high regard. He wrote of him "Taylor himself, a solid, sound-headed, faithful man, of marked veracity in all senses of that deep-reaching word." This sentence, as Mr. Froude prints it, appears as follows: "Taylor himself, a solid, sound-headed, faithful man, though of morbid vivacity in all senses of that deep-reaching word." Sir Henry Taylor was informed before his death of the words that Carlyle had really written of him.

THE DECAY OF ART.

THAT no grave inquiry into the causes of the decline in art in modern times should have taken place, at a time when scientific investigation ranges over every branch of human cognitions, is only to be explained by the conviction held even in highly organized political communities, that art in general has no especial function in a national life, and may be left out of the curriculum of the citizen of the world and he be none the worse citizen for it. But we have the unquestionable fact that every nation which has progressed beyond the most primitive barbarism, has, before beginning that phase of civilization which is characterized mainly by the accumulation of superfluities, been most intensely interested in and largely influenced by not only poetry and music, but that process of beautifying one's self and surroundings which is the vital principle of art. Ornament was worn before dress, and the daily lives of innumerable artists prove that a man may be content with deprivation of a serious character and be happy even in unrecompensed devotion to art; the ambition of life satisfied with victories that have no victims, and gains that make no one the poorer. It is a question philosophy may well take up in earnest how far the strain of modern life, the inordinate inequalities in society, and the extravagance of large classes of it might be modified by restoring the arts, as far as cultivation can accomplish it, to the influence they held in the life of Greece in 500 to 400 B. C., and more or less as long as the Greeks remained free.

That art is, and always has been, in a sense the exponent of the real character of a nation is a fact noted by philosophers and writers on arts for a long time. That if the life shapes the art, there must be in some degree a counter-influence of the art over the life, seems to be settled by the laws of cause and effect, as well as that that influence might, under favorable circumstances, prove analogous to that of literature, and equally important in its cultivation. What is certain is, that in our veritable life, the purely mental existence, the elements which comprise all other forms of pleasure are the normal activity of the intellectual powers, and the perfection of beauty.

And beyond this lies a question to which Plato gives an unhesitating answer: Whether beauty be not the chief witness to man's immortality?—a motive of greater moment, if such a thing could be shown, than his present content.

I indicate this scope of a possible inquiry partly to show its importance, and partly to indicate the particular branch of it which I wish now to examine. Why have the arts of design steadily and everywhere fallen off in excellence and influence in modern times? On the philosophical side it would be easy to answer that it was due to the materialism of the modern life, but this, while perfectly true, is still a remote cause, because we have found gross materialism in the artist not inconsistent with grandeur and great power in his art. A certain analogy between religion and art is found in the relation of both to modern scientific synthesis. The spirit of exact inquiry and the limitation of our cognitions to material and demonstrable phenomena is waging war on that entire range of spiritual faculties, perceptions, emotions, on which all religious systems have been founded. Nevertheless there is to most minds, even scientific, an indefinable and inevitable recognition of something, beyond and above, which has not fallen under these attacks and which we must find out. The decay of art is due to the same tendencies.

But science and nature cannot go wrong. In the light of positive knowledge and physical demonstration we cannot regret beliefs whose bases are disproved. It is useless to shut out light. If we must face the destruction of the ideal, let us accept the inevitable with at least the courage of the ignorant and the fanatic, and not waste strength in protection of delusions. Yet there is perhaps more danger in the too hasty deduction of truth from phenomena than in delaying our adhesions to what seem well-proved facts. We have always a right to wait, and, remembering past revolutions of thought, to question finality in human discovery, while admitting as an abstract question that exact science must lead ultimately to final truth. And, convinced of this, I still believe in Religion, and as I am not without hope that science may some day discover immortality, and that matter is not all, so I trust that we shall find even in the Actual the proof that the Ideal is something better and nobler than her accidental results, and that Art is no more bound to follow Nature than Religion to serve Science.

I have no intention here to attack this complicated and contested question, and have thus far approached it only to show on what

ground and by what analogies, amongst others, the legitimacy and supremacy of subjective or ideal art can be supported. For at present we have to deal with two distinct forms of so-called art, of which the elder and true form, the subjective, is an art of expression, whereof the vital quality is that it shall convey, not the facts and actual phenomena which constitute the anatomy of nature, but the emotions and impressions of the artist, in which all the visible forms are but the symbols of language in which the artist, without any restriction of realistic fidelity, shall show forth what he considers artistic truth or ideal beauty in any of its related forms of positive or negative. The other form, objective, or realistic art, which is entirely the development of the naturalistic spirit, depends, for its relative value and standing, upon the fidelity which it shows to natural phenomena—it is the art, if it be art, of facts and physics, of the anatomist, the geologist, the botanist, and the portraitist. The methods, the appeals, the faculties, and the results of these two are antithetical—they are related as science and poetry, or, to use a less generally comprehensible, but by genuine art students perfectly understood, comparison, as Truth and Fact; one free with all the liberty of the imaginative life, and the other bound in obedience to the accidents of nature.

The realistic or naturalistic art is a purely modern conception. It had been long foreshadowed by a literary movement whereby the great intellectual interest has gradually shifted from the epic to the pictures of society and humanity in the modern novel. The popular literature had its intermediate phase of romanticism like art, and has finally, like it again, settled down to questions of realism; but as poetry preceded art by unknown centuries, so its ultimate development into the realism which seems the chief interest of the modern intellect, long preceded the corresponding development of art.

The parallel offers interesting study for thinkers on all the forms of thought development, but what is of especial interest from the point of view which it is my intention to take, is the important bearing it ought to have on the questions of art education, in which our society seems to hold so high but so unintelligent an interest. The practical question at issue is: What should be done to justify the expenditure of life and means in the direction of art education, and restore the arts of design to their earlier greatness and influence, seeing that society at once marvels at and deplores the decay into which those arts have fallen? I am persuaded that a complete ex-

planation of the reason of this decay would ultimately lead, firstly, to a true understanding of the proper and unique value of the arts of design and visible appeal, and, secondly, to a measurable restoration to their true and productive channels of the energies and appreciation which in other ages gave us an art compared to which ours is a pigmy.

This decadence can be disputed by no one with the most moderate knowledge of art or feeling for it. It does not consist merely in the sinking of the ideal standard, or the incidental variation of national temperament; it is shown in the most purely technical qualities, as well as the intellectual. There were men who painted contemporaneously with, or immediately after, the great Renaissance painters, whom we scarcely know by name, yet their work is frequently confounded with that of their great masters merely on account of its technical excellence. Without any intellectual dignity, it shows an executive power and excellence of method which no painter of our time can equal; and even in work absolutely unassignable to any known painter, we find examples of such a thorough mastery of the material and power of hand as would give any living painter distinct precedence in modern art.

It is no answer to these statements to say that our age does not want what past ages demanded and accepted as the best; that Titian's work would not find purchasers if done to-day; and that no one would go to see the Sistine Chapel if a living painter had painted it—the fact remains that no one to-day can do the work of Titian even with Titian's doing of it before him, and that no man living can match a study of Michael Angelo for one of his figures, not to speak of his Sistine Chapel.

I will not go back to Greek sculpture, whose supremacy no one contests, but only to that lovely and faithful dream of it which came with the Italian Renaissance in the works of the Pisani, Mino Da Fiesole, Donatello, Michael Angelo, Giovanni Da Bologna, all men who had caught the spirit of Greek art however much they faltered and wavered in giving it form, and challenge the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries to show us anything born of the same heaven and earth. Of the great painters of the same epoch of art development we have no more a single peer in the modern schools—Doré for Buonarotti, Makart for Veronese, Munkácsy for Tintoretto, Ingres for Raphael, and Delacroix for Titian?

And in spite of all this we pay artists as artists never were paid

before unless by the caprice of some reckless or imperial spendthrift in exceptional cases; munificence becomes extravagance, prodigality, and what we get for its highest prices is Meissonier and Millais; for schools we have the Royal Academy, South Kensington, the École des Beaux Arts, and cruder American imitations; but Meissonier stands at the head of orthodox art in France, as Millais in England. Nor is it merely a question of national temperament—the countrymen of Velazquez, of Rubens, of Titian, of Holbein are in no other plight than we; still less is it a question of decaying intellect, as the mental activity of the whole race shows. Neither the multitude of devotees, the intensity of application of the mental capacity, the social encouragement, nor the adequacy of pecuniary reward, is lacking. There are many painters paid as painters never were before in proportion to the art they produce—fêted, courted, knighted and decorated; and the further we go in this road the more is art heartless, mechanical, vain.

The reason is to seek. Science turns her back on the subject, and the universities dismiss Art from the category of studies and pass it over mainly to the painters to discourse on, ignoring the psychological law that no mind can be productively analytical and synthetical at the same time, and the artist, being perforce a synthesist, cannot be expected to analyze the art which he is, if a true artist, occupied in building. There is no case except that of Leonardo da Vinci where we find high speculative or analytical power combined with great artistic gifts, and this case is precisely the one which proves my proposition, for Da Vinci, even in his art, was a naturalist rather than a poet; he was of a generation in which every form of mental activity and social movement sympathized with art, and especially he had in extraordinary degree the mechanical gifts which have so great an importance in technical art, and correspond so closely in their mental position with the great executive faculties of the artist, so that to him painting was the most apparent outlet for his energies. Had he lived in our age he had most certainly been an engineer and mechanician, for even in the quality of his art it is the scientific and imitative elements which dominate, while the imaginative and emotional, which, above all, distinguish the great art of all time, are curiously deficient. Of a sincerely devout though questioning mind, his religion led him to art by one tie, while the difficulty of then attaining to social position without high birth and family influence made art almost the only avenue to eminence for men of great intel-

lectual activity disposed neither to the Church nor to the army. And as it was we see that his art enlisted but a small part of his study, while his note-books in all their precepts point rather to the naturalistic than the artistic side of painting, though not by modern methods.

Therefore it is that when we demand general critical powers, and such analysis of art as is necessary to evolve the laws by which its study must be directed, it is quite useless to look to the artists to serve us. It has, indeed, passed into a common saying that an artist is never a competent critic; but this, like most other popular proverbs, only expresses the vulgar and superficial side of the truth it relates to, the truth being that, while artists are generally illogical and one-sided in their appreciation of any special form of art, there is no possibility of being a competent critic of art without something of that technical training which, when successful in a high degree, makes the artist of distinction. If we could but collect and reduce to system the occasional criticisms and dicta of men like Watts, J. F. Millet, Rossetti, Delacroix, Burne-Jones, Th. Rousseau, etc., we should have a body of precepts and criticisms such as no writer on art has ever given or can ever give us; but the peculiar form of intellectual activity which is needed to put this *corpus inscriptionum* into a logical and consequent form, as a code of art, is not compatible with the artistic intellect. Da Vinci began such a book, but it still remains in the form of notes. No man not practically versed in art to such an extent that he can at least measure the difficulties to be met, and appreciate the skill that has overcome them; whose eye is not trained by practice in drawing, so that he may judge discriminatingly of the forms before him, and who has not, moreover, made himself thoroughly acquainted with the body of evidence to be collected from the great work of the old schools;—who does not know, in fact, both nature and art by intimate and special study—can have any valid authority in criticism of art in any form. We have a much completer scientific basis for criticism of music than of painting, but no one proposes to write musical criticisms without mastering counterpoint and acquiring some practical knowledge of the elements of music. In art criticism such effrontery is of every-day occurrence.

It is one thing to enumerate abstract principles of criticism which may be evolved by analogy from well ascertained parallels in other intellectual studies, and another to apply them in such a way

as to give sound, concrete judgments on particular forms of art. Of the former kind of generalization about art we have many excellent examples in the writing of men whose opinions on individual works of art are absurdly whimsical and inconsequent. The name of Professor Ruskin will at once be put forward as that of the critic who has best fulfilled all the conditions imposed on the ideal critic, and he would be a rash man who contested his claim to the first place or his splendid services to modern thought. But in point of fact, and so far as the claims of the highest art are concerned, he has simply retarded their recognition by basing all his teaching on nature, and insisting on a realistic basis for art. So far as I know, the best result of practical knowledge of art applied to the elucidation of the principles of criticisms is in the works of Mr. Hamerton. Sir Joshua Reynolds has left us a series of lectures and some fragmentary notes which are of great value in the technical education of the artist, but which in nowise attempt any explanation of the principles of art from the logical side, or trench on its philosophy.

The German philosophers have, on the other hand, contributed much valuable material to the study of that philosophy, and we owe to them such basis for its development as we possess, though in every attempt to apply their fundamental principles to education or concrete criticism they fail through want of catholicity of appreciation. We owe to them the clear statement of the fundamental distinction between the elements which constitute the dualism of art, the *objective* and the *subjective*, as well as the formulation of the science of the æsthetic. Baumgarten, to whom the honor of having projected this science belongs, defines it as "the theory of the liberal arts, inferior to gnoseology, the art of beautiful thought, . . . the science of sense cognition." But the value of this very valid advance in art philosophy was not realized by Baumgarten, because the nomenclature of art was, as it still is, in no state to supply the terms of the logical discussion. There was no definition of an art which constituted a definite distinction from a science. What was an art at one time became a science later, and the confusion common to his day betrayed him into an inconsistency which now makes his essay more or less absurd. But his definition of æsthetics in the science of the beautiful remains to us. We are still too much encumbered by the nomenclature which betrayed him, and under which any definite assertion may be met by another which presupposes an entirely different conception of art. We have the fine arts, the polite arts, the

useful arts; the art which is simply skill in doing anything, equivalent to the Greek τέχνη—the secret of doing anything, the rule for which becomes matter of science when established. It may be a trick or it may be a Greek sculpture that engages us, and we may have, to discuss it, masters of arts who know no art. An artist may be a Titian, a Beethoven, an actor, a dancer, a singer, a juggler, a pickpocket; the tailor, the milliner, any workman, may be "quite an artist in his way." How can we define art or the artist? We must avail ourselves of that natural process of differentiation in terminology which is continually going on, and according to which the leading claimants to the general rank of artist are distinguished by their peculiar appellations. A composer is taken to mean the writer of music, a poet the writer of verse, a musician the performer of music, and the performer of plays an actor; even the sculptor has a range of work so definite and distinct that, though no one questions the quality of his art, he is generally known as a sculptor rather than by the wider term, and so a prevailing (which might well be made authoritative) acceptation of the words *art* and *artist*, when in nowise qualified, implies the arts of design and those who follow them. Even in the arts of design a common and perhaps unconscious distinction is put forward of greater or less, one painter being known as a true artist, and another only as an unintelligent imitator or copyist. This custom does not consider photography an art or a photographer an artist, and as the work of a painter approaches the quality of photography we recognize that it recedes from art.

I believe this development of a more definite terminology to be in accordance with the true philosophy of art, and that it points to the severe definition of the Artist as the Creator.

> "The artist saw his statue of the soul
> Was perfect; so with one regretful stroke
> The earthern model into fragments broke,
> And without her the impoverished seasons roll."

The supreme artist is the idealist, and only in a lower and secondary sense is the imitator of nature, and this distinction has become a differentiated conclusion in general English speech and thought. Baumgarten's æsthetics, the science of the beautiful, is therefore the science of art in its restricted sense of design; and design, in its severe and only logical sense, is the creation (from the material stored in the imagination) of a visible ideal. We can in nowise

admit to a parity with the idealist any realist, no matter how triumphant. The question is not one of comparison, but of contrast; the distinction is radical; it is that between poetry and science, the imagination and simple vision. Extreme illustrations will be found in J. F. Millet and Meissonier, each magnificent examples of the two classes of minds, each successful in its aim, and each, alas! a type as well of the estimation in which modern society hold them: Millet, the most subtle and masterly example of the pure Greek method of approaching art, dying in comparative poverty and neglect; and Meissonier, the extreme manifestation of the purely modern spirit, realism reduced to its last expression, wealthy and idolized, the object of the shallow enthusiasms of a society that hardly cares to study what it admires. It is impossible, on any sound theory of art, to put together work so radically, as well as superficially, distinct—no rules of criticism or precept of schools will embrace both.

To contribute ever so little to the clear setting forth of those cardinal distinctions which must underlie all productive criticism and so aid in forming a sound theory of art education, it is necessary to go back to the radical distinctions between these two kinds of art, and to make it impossible to confound the paths of approach. It may be possible to walk alternately in both if it were desirable, but it ought not to be possible to confound them or mistake one for the other.

Professor Ruskin, with all his power and subtlety of thought (and I regard the second volume of *Modern Painters* the most pregnant contribution of our generation to a sound art literature), has, *me judice*, missed the reforms he had at heart by his rejection in theory and practice of the fundamental distinction of objective and subjective, and by his insistence on rigid realization of nature as a method of art education. That element in art which makes it such is not its fidelity to nature but its personality; the way in which the artist arranges, subordinates, harmonizes the material which he borrows or invents; in the majesty or sweetness of his composition, the harmony and pathos or splendor of his color; all those things which in poetry, in music, give rank as poet or musician. The law is the same in all the arts; it is always the subjective element which determines the place of the artist. In music and in poetry there is no room for confusion on this subject, and to one who will reflect it is no less clear that the whole power of painting over the emotions is due to qualities which are entirely independent of any question of representation

of natural objects. Even is it true that the glow of sunset and the gloom of twilight owe their fascination and the power they have over the artist mainly to the liberty they give to escape from the facts of nature, from the domination of an inflexible materialism. If painting owed its power to the representation of nature the noonday should have more value to the painter than the evening, which everybody knows is not the fact, and as twilight as phenomenon has no more value or rarity than daylight, it appears that the value it has is in a certain correspondence with moods of the mind more grateful and potent than the perception of facts. This points to a metaphysical investigation in which I do not enter farther than to state my conclusion, that twilight and others of the greater phases of nature which have a special artistic appeal owe it, not to the fact that they are forms of phenomena, but to the coincidence between them and certain moods which are inherent in the human mind, *i. e.* to their subjectivity, just as in a larger way physical beauty owes its fascination not to its being a fact, but to its accord with certain unexplained chords of human emotion. Ruskin has treated this subject most suggestively and far from exhaustively in the volume of the *Modern Painters* to which I have alluded, and which, so far as I can discover, is the least read of all his books and to me the most valuable.

If this be true, and so I venture to maintain it, it follows rigorously that the true method of art education is not that of imitation but that of expression; that the artist should be led from the beginning, and always, to draw what is in his head and heart and not what is put before him in the school; that, in short, art education of the artist must be like that of the poet and the musician, in the continual exercise and development of the subjective vision and not at all in dependence on the model; and where the model is used it should be purely in subordination to the memory and imagination—never as the direct object of appeal. Let the artist study nature as he will, but leave her and all her works in the outer courts, and in the inmost place of the temple of art, where the Ideal abides, consult it alone.

Art is simply the harmonic expression of human emotion. Where there is no emotion there is no art, except in that secondary sense which has been pointed out, and which relates to the primary as the letter to the spirit. Nature furnishes symbols but no language. The arts which are the legitimate daughters of the muse are dancing, music, poetry, sculpture and painting—so in the order of their birth; if organic nature has been called in to nurse the latter more openly

than the former, the parentage is nowise changed. The entire quality of all art is misrepresented and misunderstood by any other hypothesis. The law which controls the poem or symphony is the same which guides the pencil or chisel of the true artist. This is the Art for which our schools wait and whose *simulacrum* we have set up in her place.

That all great art—be it of school or individual—obeys this law, is capable of proof. It is only, moreover, as part of human life and motive in it that it has any claim to the consideration we give it. If, as I believe to be beyond doubt, the art impulse is the first of the humanities in the race as in the child, then in the highest conception of life is it equally true that art is to the race a necessity and its wise fostering a part of true political economy, of which human happiness is the legitimate end. Every human being, in proportion as the child-like nature survives in him, is dependent on art for his happiness, and the happiest are those to whom art has longest kept its realities.

This, in most men's experience of their kind, is a commonplace, interpret it as we may, but in modern culture it is ignored in a two-fold and singular manner; art is commonly held a too trivial branch of study for adult intellects, or, where provision is made for its culture, we ignore the facts that its roots are entirely in the emotional, *i. e.* subjective or poetic (ποιέω, creative) faculties, and not at all in the objective or scientific, which latter when cultivated *per se* are not only antipathetic but destructive to art. The scientist is the natural enemy of art in every form, as the scientific tendency is to the emotional, which is the indispensable aliment of art.

All the great schools of painting and sculpture have been purely subjective in their origin and development, and all have been in the former purely decorative; abstract or subjective forms of decoration in all cases preceding imitative or naturalistic—an unmistakable indication that the earliest pictorial impulse was creative and not imitative. The schools grew by the sapient accumulation of sound tradition and the development of the ideal of beauty, always regarded originally as superhuman. All grew up as schools of music still grow, and to all these came a time when they began to lean on nature-study and so on realism and scientific methods of looking at nature, in which were the causes of decay. No great school ever was founded on the direct or objective study of nature, nor at its prime was any school ever guilty of it; but the moment the subjective method which was its life gave way to the objective or scientific method, the art

began to go down. The moment of completest triumph, in which art seemed to have added to its proper charm that of the realistic fidelity which wins the universal applause, was that in which decline began. This was the epoch of Praxiteles and Scopas, of Titian and Raphael, and when, finally, at Bologna, the academy model took the place of the ideal, there was no longer any hope of any school of art.

The reason for this is not difficult to state. The genuine creative art or ideal art is only possible where there is full liberty to embody distinct and homogeneous conceptions which, so far as the word can be properly applied to human work, are creations; and here the mental conception must be so clear in the mind of the artist that it serves the mental vision as the type of which the work of art is the visible embodiment. In all great design, this vital quality is most clearly evident, but when constant and concurrent reference to the model is kept up this is not possible, and the slightest indication of the model shown in design is immediately destructive of this supreme quality of art. The great artists of past ages have left us no specific declaration in words of their recognition of this law, but the internal evidence in their works is abundant. There can be no doubt that the Greek sculptors never worked directly from nature but from an intimate knowledge, in which the perfectly trained eye coöperated with the habit of working from an ideal developed through a subtle sense of the beautiful in form, whereof the complete realization was no more to be found in any visible natural type then than now. We know the same to be true of Michael Angelo; and in all the work of the great painters of the Italian schools we find constant and unmistakable indications that they did not work before nature. Of the greatest of living idealists and, in the noble sense of art, the highest modern example of the combination of its greatest qualities, G. F. Watts, we have the distinct and invariable rule never to work from the model in any ideal (*i. e.* other than portrait) work.

Not only is this the immutable law of all great art, but I maintain that the scientific study of nature, whether as anatomy, geology, or botany, is obnoxious in a high degree to the development of the great qualities of design. Beauty, which is the loftiest of all the attributes of art, is purely a visible and therefore superficial quality. To know the structure of the human body, to be able to create the bones and their articulations, the muscles and their insertions, is to confuse the ideal perception with things which are not of vision but of another kind of knowledge. We know that the Greeks had no

knowledge of anatomy or of the use of the muscular system; that they regarded the strength of the body as in the bones to which the muscles were merely protecting cushions. We can see in Michael Angelo the ostentation of the anatomist showing through the perception of the ideal, and marring it in spite of his immense and unapproached imaginative power, and in the lesser men of the school of Raphael can follow the decadence that came from this pride of knowledge. But, even then, the habit of direct study of the subject from nature, or the attempt to so represent the scene that it should appear an actuality—an historical transcript of the scene—was unknown.

The Dutch painters, though they sought the most trivial details in nature, never became entirely objective in their work, and only approximately in still life. In their landscape and sea pieces, the color and rendering of detail is purely conventional, and aims, not at reproducing the color of nature, but at giving harmonies in various keys of gray color, and at expressing the quality of natural objects by peculiarities of execution which are not at all inspired directly by the detail of nature.

Down to the last of the great schools, that of Rembrandt, Teniers and Rubens, the deference to nature, except in portraiture, never went further than to make sketches from nature, in which the essential qualities were recorded in such a way as to leave the artist at full liberty to modify in his painting either tone or form to suit his individual feeling. Hobbema and Ruysdael, who, of all the Dutch painters, came nearest to the minor facts of nature clearly, never painted from her directly or used her otherwise than as a vehicle for their ideals of composition and color.

That true and delightful school of English landscapists which began with Girtin, was completely subjective in its methods and in its appeals, and is the only collective movement in English art which deserves the name of a distinctive school. So far as it had any artistic progenitors, it was due to the influence of Claude, Poussin, and the Dutch landscapists, but with a robust individuality and fresh poetic feeling which no other landscape had ever shown. A near and intimate inspiration from the larger qualities of unsophisticated nature, which made it more poetic than any prior school of landscape had been. Turner, who was its highest reach and the realization of the highest expression of subjective art of his time—possibly of all time—was in no period of his career a student of nature in the mo-

dern acceptation of that term. No painter ever so nonchalantly defied all the actualities, or took such startling liberties with the broader verities of landscape as he. It was not merely topography that he upset and the mountains that he marshalled about, but he outdid Joshua in the liberties he took with the sun and moon. If he ever realized a tint of actual nature, it was simply because in his chromatic scale it happened to hit the note he wanted. An audacious defiance of facts was not enough; he set at naught the larger laws, and his color from the beginning to the end of his career was a constantly widening and complicating scheme of chromatic harmonies as perfectly subjective as a symphony. Light, space, color; that subtle synthesis of lines and forms which his most influential master Claude taught him and which we call composition; modulation of tint which never left a vacant space in any portion of his work; orchestration as complex, as masterly, as ever musician mastered—these were what he sought, and if the forms of nature and her combinations furnished him with the elements of his work, he accepted them certainly, but with the liberty which belongs to one to whom nature is a useful servant not an imperious mistress.

When the full force of the poetic tendency which produced this school of English landscape-painters was broken by the rise and fascination of nature-painting, I do not know. The work was done ere Turner died; and with him, Linnell, S. Palmer, and some minor men of the same general tendency, the school disappeared. It died out as the Greek and the Italian schools had died, from a method of study initiated by portraiture and the sudden recognition of an interest in nature never felt before by the general mind uneducated in art, and only able to recognize similitudes and imitations. The Dutch painters had long held a controlling influence over the dilettanti of England, as men whose work could be partially understood by men who had no knowledge of art—a copper kettle of Ostade or Teniers gave more real pleasure to the average buyer of pictures than a Madonna of Raphael or Botticelli, though the Dutchman only did such things as *tours de force*, and to show his skill. His system of study was, still, more subjective than objective; but when the modern landscape and genre painter brought into painting a clear, unconventional way of seeing nature, and uncompromising fidelity in rendering facts requiring neither knowledge of nor feeling for art in its public or poetic insight in the painter, it developed intellectual indolence in the latter and flattered the ignorance and

conceit of the former, and brought into existence what is commonly supposed to be a rational art, but which is, in reality, the negation of art.

There is one interesting phenomenon that is connected with this arrival of a school of art at its climax and its subsequent rapid decay, which deserves explanation. In the subjective method of working "out of one's head," as the common expression goes, the mind forms certain conventional modes of expression, and follows these with an increasing approach to fidelity until the art reaches that point which we take for the acme, so near to perfection is it when seen from our lower plane. Then, whether by law or by a recurring chance, the artist finds his way to realization, the more or less literal reproduction of what nature puts before him—generally, I believe, through intellectual indolence; perhaps more or less through methods induced by portraiture, and persisted in on account of the charm which all men have felt who ever made a faithful study from nature, and which appeals to new sources of enjoyment. In the satisfaction due to successful and complete imitation, lies a triumph far more facile than those of the ideal method, which appeals to that general appreciation to which few men are great enough to be indifferent; for the artist above most men craves the appreciation of his fellow-men. This change seems to have occurred generally, if not invariably, at the close of long periods of purely artistic activity, and after rapid increase of civic and individual prosperity, when the comparatively uneducated taste of the community at large was the court to which the artist appealed. Then, with this lowered standard and sacrifice of the ideal, nature became the mistress of the school, and the old way and the old insight departed. Art was no longer expression, poetry, but a representation, a simulation, more or less earnest, of an actuality: first history, sacred or profane or commonplace; and so in time came genre, story painting, etc., etc., with much pride in rendering of stuffs and illusions, of light and shade, descending to a kind of intelligent photography.

And so it happens that in our time we have only sporadic cases of the true method of the study of art, and that beside them occurs a form of art which was never known in the days of the ideal art, viz., the strictly historical, of which Ford Madox Brown is in England the most conspicuous example, and of which much might be said, but by me at present only that it relates to the art of the ideal,

the supreme art whose loss we deplore, as history does to poetry and music.

That the inspiration is not extinct, we have proof in our own days, in France, in Delacroix, J. F. Millet—in intellectual ability quite the peers of the men of the great schools—in America, in Allston, and in England, in Watts, Burne-Jones, Rossetti; each of the great type, eminent, distinct, entirely individual, but each, unfortunately, compelled to work out his results alone, groping for the true method by the aid of the light remaining to us in the works of the great masters of the Greek and Italian schools, but with no leading or following of their own time.

Since the days of the great Renaissance masters no man has comprehended so fully and applied so successfully the spirit of Greek art, as Mr. Watts, and none has caught so perfectly that of the Renaissance as Burne-Jones. Rossetti, like Turner, stood alone. He even less resembled all his predecessors, and has been followed by no disciples. For felicity of imaginative design nothing in art surpasses some of the work of his youth,—such drawings, for instance, as his "Cassandra," "Hamlet," and the "Magdalen's First Sight of Christ;" or in chromatic brilliancy and weird harmony some of the water-color drawings, all drawn to the minutest details from imaginative vision. What he might have done for art had his life and health been spared we can only conjecture, but what he has left is a page of art-history brilliant indeed, but even more suggestive of what might have been.

The public of to-day prefers a form of art which shall require no previous study and make no appeal to faculties beyond keen optics. It likes work studded with fine bits of realism and whose story lies on the surface. The intellectual qualities of art and the mental range of the artists are decreasing every day, until it may be foreseen that the painter of the time not far away will be but a sort of inspired photographer, and the virtue most to be desired will be in a dexterous pencil. A thoroughly realistic perception of natural color (not so common a gift, however, as the public imagines), and a masterly execution are sufficient to secure the painter's position. Imagination and imaginative fusion, the vision of "that light which never was, on sea or land," and the sense of ideal beauty which make what is commonly called "high art" and may be called *true art*, are no longer necessary to place the artist in the position of authority which would give rise to a school. The great schools of art were

founded in the search for these supreme qualities. The artists went into them as students of music now go to study while the hand and thought are flexible—Titian and Michael Angelo at eight and ten years of age—and the whole course of study was one which widened and deepened the intellectual nature. The minor men were caught up by the power and influence of the masters' minds into the majesty of the school, and the masters quickened and stimulated each other's genius. The morbid vanity of individualism, tending to eccentricity, did not carry men out of the sound traditions of their masters, but the true scholars labored collectively for the attainment of the ideal of their school. Now, *stat nominis umbra*—there is no school. Drawing-classes there are, and lessons at so much an hour, but no masters, and therefore no schools. The drawing and painting classes teach technical virtues, and all, classes, painters, and exhibitions, exalt the imitation of nature as the end of art.

The end it is, but in another sense—its grave. To know nature and employ her terms for the expression of the artist's ideal is a widely different thing from the imitation of her forms and facts. The former is an education; it wakens a kinship to all great thought and all great thinkers. The latter narrows and dwarfs the intellect and exterminates the imagination. If the modern thinker will only accept realism and nature-reproduction as art, then must art education always remain a shallow and unimportant branch of modern intellectual development, and art will stay where it is—the servant of all fashions and fancies, huckster of stuffs and bric-à-brac, *tableaux vivants* and still life, archæological restorations and mediæval *poses plastiques*—anything and everything but essential truth and ideal beauty. If this is to be the conclusion of the art education to which we are looking for a revival of the mediæval glory, it is hardly worth while to say that the play is not worth the candle.

The true school of art will begin its training in youth while the hand is flexible and the ways of thought unformed, so that expression, when it comes, shall be as unconscious as execution to a well-educated musician. It must be, as for literature, a life-training and exclusive. Memory, perception, the whole range of synthetic faculties, must have their part in the development of the mind, and the notion may be dismissed that it is enough to learn the management of the brush and the model, to imitate nature, make faithful studies, and enlarge or combine them for the exhibition in order to become an artist.

W. J. STILLMAN.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

THE vote lately taken in the House of Lords on the question of opening the British Museum on Sundays, is commemorated, in a recent issue of an American journal, by a vigorous and suggestive cartoon. It depicts a lackey flinging open the doors of the museum on a Sunday morning, while he dismisses with a kick a group of ecclesiastics who have been trying to keep them closed.

The picture is chiefly significant as indicating that sentiment concerning Sunday laws, which regards them as inspired by bigots and defended by people who are selfishly indifferent to the pleasure and happiness of others. No more effective argument has been used for the repeal of existing statutes which close museums and places of amusement on Sundays than the plea that they deny to the poor that which, if not in the same form, yet in its equivalent, is within the reach of the rich, and that those who do not turn the key upon their own private picture galleries, libraries, and the like, on Sundays, have no right to close such places as the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, and their like, to those who have no private libraries and galleries of their own.

It is this aspect of the question—the apparent injustice of the present Sunday laws to those who are the least favored—which has been so presented as to unsettle the opinions of a great many people. Selfishness under the guise of Sabbath-keeping is not an engaging spectacle, and the picture of Christ justifying his disciples in plucking the ears of corn on the Sabbath-day, has been urged as a warrant for feeding those other hungers, for instruction and recreation, which, in the case of so many people, are at present denied an opportunity for satisfaction by the pressure of circumstances during six days of the week, and by a "Puritanical" statute on the seventh.

No discussion of the Sunday question will touch the nerve of the matter that does not recognize the fact that if Sunday, as it at present exists in America, is to be successfully defended, it must be with the help of others than those only who make up what are called the privileged classes. In the present state of public opinion it is an ominous fact that working people as a body have in this country

shown no interest in the question, on the one side or the other. Their attitude can best be described as one of profound indifference, and though it is true that the remarkable statistics of recent petitions presented to Parliament in Great Britain would seem to indicate that the sentiment of working people was largely against any relaxation of the Sunday laws, * we have no such statistics to which to appeal in America. Including, as do our working classes, especially in cities, a large foreign element, educated in, or with traditions derived from, Germany and other countries of Continental Europe, it is probable that if any expression of opinion could be obtained it would be less favorable to the present Sunday restrictions than in England. People who come from Berlin, Hamburg, Vienna, and the cities of Italy and France in which the one distinction of Sundays, in the case of the museums, is not merely that they are open, but open without charge, may not be safely counted on to favor restrictions which seem to curtail their own scanty privileges and to violate the usage of their own land.

And yet, where working men have been persuaded to look into the subject, they have shown themselves open to conviction and able to appreciate the facts of the situation. Nothing is more note-worthy in this whole discussion than the attitude of such trades unions as have been referred to in England, and such men as Messrs. Broadhurst and Mundella, both originally working men themselves, and though now members of Parliament recognized as representatives of the working classes. The first-named, sitting as member for Stoke, and the leading representative in Parliament of the trades unions, himself a trades-unionist of twenty-four years membership, offered an amendment, which ran as follows:

"That in the opinion of the House it is undesirable that Parliament should further promote the employment of Sunday labor by authorizing the opening of the national museums and galleries, which are now closed on that day, but that such museums and galleries should be open between the hours of six and ten P. M., on at least three evenings in each week."

Speaking in its support and in opposition to the motion to open the museums on Sunday, he said: "I regret exceedingly to find myself compelled to vote against the motion now under debate. I have taken this action entirely and distinctly in the interest of labor, and on behalf of that cause, with which I have been identified nearly all my life; and I say most distinctly that it is in the interest of

* In England, in 1882, 62 trades unions and other working men's societies, representing 45,482 members, voted in favor of the Sunday opening of museums, etc., while 2,412 societies, representing 501,705 members, voted against such opening.

labor that we should keep the seventh day as free and as fully relieved from all associations of labor as it is possible for us to do. I oppose this resolution also on the ground—and there can be no doubt upon the point—that there is no sufficient demand in the country to warrant the House in adopting the resolution submitted to it; and if the object aimed at is to bring the people nearer to the museums, or the museums nearer to the people, it would be far better and more safely accomplished by the plan which I have suggested in my amendment than it could possibly be by the motion of my honorable friend. Then again, if the resolution has any effect, it will only loosen the ties which now bind us together in defence of an absolute rest from labor on one day in seven. ('Hear, hear.') With regard to the supposed demand in the country in favor of this motion, I find that there is not a single speaker on the opposite side who has for a moment attempted to contend that there is any considerable demand for this motion. Now, it is said that our working people have no opportunity of visiting those places unless we give them an opportunity of going on Sunday. (Dissent from an honorable member.) Well, my honorable friend, I fear, has not followed the change in the circumstances of the people as closely as I have. Consider what has been done during the last twenty-five years in favor of lessening our working hours on Saturday, and for starting at a later hour on Monday morning. If you peruse the arguments that have been used by the workmen in conferences between the employers and the employed, upon the platform and in the press, in support of increased hours of leisure, I venture to say that you will find one of the reasons that we strongly urged was that we desired sufficient spare time in the week in order to take our fair share of secular enjoyment during the working days of the week, and to visit the museums and picture galleries which were closed on Sundays. (Cheers.) If you open those picture galleries and museums on Sunday, it must correspondingly weaken the argument in favor of our Saturday half-holiday.

"You talk of this motion relieving the public house of its customers on a Sunday. I will ask my honorable friend if he is prepared to say that the skilled artisans of this country—that the respectable work-people of this country—spend their Sundays in public houses? I am certain he is not prepared to say so. Who are the poor, neglected creatures with whom our public houses are filled on Sundays, if they are filled? They are those who are the most unfortunate of my class—the least skilled, and therefore the worst paid, and consequently the worst housed amongst our population. But surely you will not attempt to persuade this House to believe that this class of people, who loiter around the doors of a public house during the hours that they cannot get admittance inside, are the people who are thirsting to worship your exhibitions of the fine arts miles from their homes. Will you suggest that these are the class of people who would rush in their teeming thousands to the British Museum to make scientific and historical examinations of the mummies and other curiosities that crowd the galleries, and to worship at the feet of the works of the old masters in the national galleries? I am positive you will not advance such extraordinary arguments in its favor.

"Now, the argument of course is, that there is no fear of the general system of labor following a motion of this kind. Yes, but where are you going to draw the line? (Hear, hear.) Once you have admitted this abstract principle, how are you going to hold it fast, and not let it encroach by degrees? Do we not hear every day how English manufactures are suffering from the keen competition of France, Germany, and other countries, and that the nations which work seven days a week, or, at any rate, which observe in no regular form the cessation of labor on the seventh,

have the advantage over English manufacturers, whose work-people work only on six days? If you admit this principle, that after all there is not so much in the general cessation of labor on the seventh day, when it suits the fancies of a minority to say so, how will you meet the demand if some fine morning it is thought to be discovered that in order to maintain our trade and great profits we must increase the hours of labor, and finally make an inroad on the Sunday's rest? I will not for a moment admit that any practical good can possibly come from the motion, and I sincerely hope that we shall never pass it."

In the same debate, Mr. Mundella, speaking also from the working man's standpoint, said:

"There are 154 museums in the United Kingdom, a great part of them belonging to the municipalities of our large towns, and there are only four of them which are open on Sunday. The town of Nottingham has done more for art and shown a higher appreciation of art than any town in England; it has obtained for itself a special act that it might tax itself highly to support its museum, one of the finest provincial museums in England. It has been the subject of some contention whether that museum should be opened on Sunday or not; and at the last election the question was decisively settled by the rejection of those candidates who voted for the opening on Sunday. I am not now saying whether it was right or wrong; I am only illustrating what was public opinion; but I hold that as long as it was the national sentiment, they were bound to respect it. Further, that contest at Nottingham was not decided by the Sabbatarians, as they were called, but, as the Town Clerk informed me, by the working men of the town, who were apprehensive that if they once began the system of opening museums on the Sunday, some other consequences would follow, and by slow degrees the complete day of rest, which they all enjoyed, and which nobody, perhaps, required more than the members of that House, would be trenched upon, if it was not quite taken away. Indeed, the working classes now enjoyed art more and more, and nothing had done more to promote that enjoyment than the Saturday half-holiday which had been instituted in this country in order that they might do so. We are the only nation in Europe which has the Saturday half-holiday, in addition to which there are the Bank holidays, which give opportunities to those classes to visit the national museums, of which they largely avail themselves. It is not museums which the people desire to visit on Sundays, but the fields and the country. They need open air, enjoyment, and rest. . . . Those who had recently seen the rooms of the Royal Academy open from six to midnight, and admired the pictures in a light as clear as day, could not but believe that the British Museum and the National Gallery might with great advantage and perfect safety be open at night. South Kensington Museum has been visited in the evening by more than seven millions of people. Sunday as a day of rest is one of the greatest blessings a nation ever enjoyed. I hope it will long maintain that character. It can only do so by mutual concessions, each class in turn giving up some even innocent practice for the common benefit. Bearing in mind all the facts of the case, I hold that until the national sentiment is so far changed as to make Sunday a day of amusement and recreation, rather than of perfect rest, it is the duty of the Government not to open these national institutions."

The motion to open the museums on Sunday was defeated by a

vote of 208 to 84, and Mr. Broadhurst's amendment in favor of opening them on certain week-evenings was adopted.

It was probably because the working men of Nottingham had some such facts as the following, which are given by Mr. Samuel Smiles, that they were so little disposed to any relaxation of the Sunday laws:

"What the so-called friends of the working classes are aiming at in England has already been effected in France. The public museums and galleries are open on Sundays, but you look for the working people there in vain. They are at work in the factories, whose chimneys are smoking as usual, or building houses, or working in the fields, or they are engaged in the various departments of labor. The Government works all go on as usual on Sundays. The railway trains run precisely as on week-days. In short, the Sunday is secularized or regarded but as a partial holiday. As you pass through the country on Sundays you see the people toiling in the fields."—*The Huguenots.*

Indeed, a recent interview with a manufacturer in New York, though giving the testimony of one favorable to the opening of museums on Sundays, confirms the statements already given. "As it is in Paris," he said in substance, "you may see people copying designs in the Louvre on Sundays in order that they may reproduce them in their own handiwork during the week. It is thus that the museums enlarge the horizon of their artistic culture, and contribute to their greater productiveness." Precisely: and it is thus, he might have added, that the pressure of competition, giving the French working man no rest on Sunday, compels him to turn its hours, once dedicated to rest, to new and more exacting labors.

In view of these facts it cannot be denied that there is great force in the position of those who, to-day, are resisting what they believe to be the beginning of encroachments destined not to give to working men more opportunities for culture and recreation, but, under the guise of liberal concessions, to put in jeopardy an immunity from labor which they already enjoy. At the same time it must be owned that these positions fail to attract the sympathy of those in whose behalf they are maintained, and that working men as a body are not at any rate disposed to active co-operation with those who are undoubtedly their truest friends.

The remedy for such a condition of things is twofold, and may not wisely be delayed. In the first place there is need of a literature suited to the needs of working people, in which the law of periodic rest as revealed in the constitution and vindicated by the experience of the race, and indeed also in the experience of animals domesti-

cated to labor, shall be demonstrated, and in which also the history of nations that have disregarded that law under the pretext of devoting Sunday to needed recreation shall be candidly reviewed. There is no need here of going to the "bigots," the religionists, or the priests for our witnesses. Here is one of them in the Paris correspondent of a New York paper. Speaking of working people, the writer says:

"The seventh day brings no respite to them here. On the contrary, it is the day when they work the hardest. On no other night are the theatres so crammed; on no other day are the butchers' stalls frequented by more customers than on Sunday. It is not a day of rest in Paris: it is a day of activity. . . . I have heard some American men applaud this manner of spending Sunday, as they ridiculed the old-fashioned American way of hallowing this day. They do not know the sequence of this feverish activity. *There is no old stone-mason, no old shoemaker, no old carpenter, no old painter, no old artisan, in Paris.* Medical men say this premature decline is owing absolutely to the want of a day of rest once a week. Going to museums, poring over books, amusements of every sort, 'improving the mind,' are equally pernicious as hard work."

In Germany the Printers' Society at Berlin, the "Socialist Labor Party" at Gotha, the mass meeting held in April, 1885, in the capital of the Empire, and the petitions presented in large numbers by the working men to the German Parliament, all bear witness to a tardy recognition on the part of those who had abolished all Sunday laws, of their indispensable necessity for the protection of the working man. Late and slowly it has been discovered that if working men set out by making others work for their pleasure, the time may easily come when others will compel them to work for their own bread. The dangers of the relaxation of our Sunday legislation are not imaginary, they are most real. But if the working man is to be enlisted on the side of the defence of Sunday, somebody must take the time and spend the money to make him see those dangers.

But even more than the working man needs enlightenment, he needs practical and helpful sympathy. In these hours when labor is asserting itself with such vigor and sometimes with such lawless violence, it may seem inopportune to make any plea that the laborer be more fairly and generously dealt with. "Let him prove himself worthy of generous treatment," it may be said, "and then it will be time enough to talk about human brotherhood and helpful sympathy and the like." All of which is about as just as if one should refuse to be considerate of his own child, after having awakened in him some outbreak of passionate resentment, by a long course of parental

austerity and neglect. It is in vain that we ignore the history of the growth of wealth in this country, and its coincident indifference to those whose toil has paid for it. Let it be granted that labor has been fairly remunerated, and that beyond his daily wage the workman has no legal claim upon his employer. Let it be urged, again, that mistaken beneficence to the laborer is the shortest way to destroy his self-respect and to pauperize him in character. Is there no other beneficence to the laborer than mistaken beneficence? Is there no other generosity than a generosity that pauperizes? Here is a test, in this very matter of rest and recreation for the working man, of the actual sympathy of capital and culture, or, in other words, the privileged classes generally, with the working man. The working people of New York and elsewhere have been agitating for two things—an eight or nine hour labor law, and a half-holiday on Saturday. It will hardly be urged that with the enormous gains in production through the invention of labor-saving machinery, either of those concessions, if granted, would diminish the productiveness of the laborer or the prosperity of the country; it being of course understood that the silly and unreasoning demand of ten hours' pay for eight hours of work is not for one moment to be tolerated. But however this may be, the misfortune in regard to all such concessions is this: that they have had always to be demanded or exacted. Instead of a privileged class in a Christian land thoughtful of its less favored brethren, and eager to use its wealth and social advantages for their benefit, we have seen, too often, a hard indifference to anything but dividends and profits. Said an employer of labor, himself a wealthy capitalist, addressing a meeting in New England, recently, "I believe the time is not far distant—in fact, it is here already in some localities—when the employer can say to his employees, Work with me, rather than for me, in the development and success of my business." It was language most honorable to him who used it, but the misfortune is that it is not the usual tone of capital to labor. On the contrary, the working man has been made to feel that wealth has no concern for him save as a tool, that his interests and those of his employers are not interests in common, and most of all that that considerable part of his life which is not spent in actual labor for his employer is one concerning which most employers are largely indifferent.

It is just here that the connection between the labor question and the Sunday question becomes apparent. If those who are not

working men would have working men on their side in protecting Sunday from encroachments which mean, first, play for some, and then, by an inevitable deterioration, to which in the history of European nations there has been no single exception, work for almost all, theirs must be the first move,—not wrung from them by the clamorous demands of the millions who toil, but freely given by them to those whose lives are so starved of privilege and pleasure—which shall make Sunday more sacred for rest, and so for those who shall be minded to use it for something higher than rest, because some other hours than those of Sunday are freely and universally conceded not for rest but for play. "Don't play ball under the windows of the babies' ward," said the matron of an institution of charity anxious to protect the slumbers of her infant charges, to a group of boisterous boys. "Teacher, give us a place where we *can* play ball, and then we won't wake the kids," said a *gamin*, speaking for the crowd. It is the answer which the working man may well make to that somewhat dry and austere Sabbatarianism, which warns him off the Sunday parterres of the "rich and pious," and gives him neither play-ground during the week, nor time in which to enjoy it. There have been recent meetings in New York in the interest of the Saturday half-holiday movement, but the composition of these meetings has been such as might well make thoughtful people discouraged as to the movement for which they stand. For, thronged as they have been in every instance, those who have composed them have been almost wholly those who were to be benefited by the proposed half-holiday. Those whose influence and example are most potent in bringing about that change were, however, conspicuously absent, and the capitalists and people of wealth and leisure, whose one gift often is the gift of "setting a fashion," were not to be seen. Yet these, in many instances, are the people who sign remonstrances against opening museums on Sunday, and protest against paving the way for a "continental desecration of our American Lord's Day."

That protest, to be effectual, must take another and more consistent form. It must, in the first place, take the form of example. The manners of a people take their tone, by an invariable law, from the customs and usages of the privileged classes. But what are these so far as Sunday is concerned, and how far do they tend to conserve Sunday as a rest-day, especially for the servants of the rich, and all who are called upon in any way to minister to their pleasure? An answer to that question, so far as present English customs are con-

cerned, may be found in the columns of an English journal,* which, concerning those customs, may be regarded as a competent authority:

"Society's Sunday in London differs entirely from the Sunday which it knew less than two decades since. It is true that Society, or at least a section of it, still goes to church with tolerable regularity once every Sunday, in London, and with undeviating regularity once at least every Sunday in the country. But the tone in which it is customary to speak of these 'acts of worship' is seldom suggestive of anything which can by courtesy be called religion. Ladies go to church because it is heathenish not to go; because the service generally is good; because the music is perfectly lovely; because the clergyman says such droll things; because they see their friends there; because, in fact, it is the right thing to do. Men go to church because they are unconsciously influenced by a healthy regard for the good old English idol, respectability; because, they consider that their position requires it, even in London; because they have an idea that they are setting an example to their children or their household; because, perhaps, their wives wish it. But to put the matter plainly, however ugly the sound which the words may have, church-going is for the most part an act which is a tribute, not to God, but to Mammon. . . . The Sunday receptions of last season, afternoon and evening, the gatherings in semi-political drawing-rooms, and the select concourses in aristocratic abodes of art for five o'clock tea and talk, were a novelty twelve months since and are now an institution. Private theatricals or *tableaux vivants* on Sunday might perhaps even yet be voted in advance of the age; but Sunday concerts, in which there is the smallest possible infusion of strictly sacred music, are quite permissible. For the upper classes, especially for the men of them, Sunday is essentially a visiting day, a day on which many ladies make it a rule to be at home, a dining-out day, a promenade day in the Park, a day of Greenwich and Richmond dinners, and only accidentally a day of church-going."

How far such a picture of Sunday is a description of the day and its observances by the "upper classes" in the chief city of America, is a question which may be left to those to answer who know it best. Certainly, it cannot be claimed that there is, as a rule, much consideration in our present Sunday observances of the law of periodic rest, whether from pleasure in the case of the pleasure-seeking and pleasure-taking classes, or from labor in the case of those whose livelihood is earned in ministering to them. And until the former can consent to call a halt in the ordinary life of the week when Sunday comes, and give a pause to those whose Sunday labor is often the most arduous of the week, it will be in vain that they close the doors of libraries and museums, and refuse to others a license which they take unreservedly for themselves.

But more than this is needed. When men turn to the example of Christ on the Sabbath-day as emancipating them from ancient and outworn Sabbatarian restrictions, they would do well to re-

* The London *World*.

member by what acts He disallowed, so far as He did disallow, the elder Sabbatic law. They will be found in every instance to have been, whether they were acts of healing, or helping, or feeding, acts of mercy and beneficence to others. In no single case was there any departure from the old usage for any merely selfish or personal end. In one word, the noblest day was hallowed anew by the noblest deeds. One who came to proclaim in a language intelligible to the humblest comprehension, the law of human brotherhood, and who so wrought and spoke that, of all others the common people heard Him most gladly, transformed the rest-day of Judaism into the healing day of Christianity. By miracles, such as that wrought on the blind man and the paralytic, He taught, once for all, that those who to-day have, in their more favored circumstances, in their finer culture, in their ampler means, gifts with which may be wrought new miracles of healing and enlightenment among the sorrowful and the unfortunate, may well take that day which, with unconscious significance the Christian world is wont to call the Lord's day and do in it, if they never do so at any other time, the Lord's work. His work was to reveal to men the fatherhood of God, and in Himself the sonship of all mankind. It was to draw together severed classes, and alienated races, and hostile hearts. It was to teach by the one incomparable gift of Himself, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. It was, in one word, to heal the strifes and hatreds that held men apart from one another, and make of them one family. And when those who have most to enjoy and most to give, begin by using Sunday for ministries such as these, they will find in them that which best conserves its truest sacredness, and which will make its preservation from merely secular encroachments the common interest of "all sorts and conditions of men." "Rest," says Hooker, "is a change of labor." If it cannot be quite that to the tired and over-taxed laboring man, it may well be something like it to his more favored brethren. Society to-day, disturbed and divided by the mutual hatreds and suspicions of employer and employed, of rich and poor, of the idle and prosperous on the one hand, and the needy and ill-paid on the other, waits for some gracious solvent which shall at once re-constitute and unite our whole social life. There is but one. "Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you." It will not

be by Sunday proscriptions bearing hardest upon those who are least privileged, that we shall save Sunday from desecration, but by Sunday ministries, in the Sanctuary most surely, but outside of it, far more actively and universally than we have ever yet dreamed of, and in ways that to some of us may seem at first not quite congruous with venerable traditions. We want, with our brethren of the working class, that which we have largely lost—the Church I fear not less than those who are outside of it—that expressive thing which we call "touch." And we can only recover it by going among them and seeking to understand and help them, not with doles or in a spirit of condescending patronage, but with an honest purpose to know them as men and to treat them as brethren. If to this end all the congregations of all the churches of our great cities could be turned out of their comfortable sanctuaries for one Sunday, and left to find their way among those of whose lives and homes they know at present absolutely nothing, this at least would come to pass, that they would learn enough to set them thinking with unwonted earnestness. "Saunders," says an English nobleman in a modern work of fiction, having been advised to cure his hypochondria by cultivating the acquaintance of people more unfortunate than himself, "do you know any of the working classes?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then bring me some, Saunders."

It is a very common mistake in dealing with more than one of our social problems. Unfortunately, the "working classes" will not be "brought." But they can be sought and known. And if we would have them on our side in defending Sunday from secular encroachments, we may well use some part of it in cultivating their acquaintance, and so in learning of wants which, once owned and met, they will join hands with all lovers of their kind in the defence of Sunday and of those common interests which it has so mightily helped to conserve. It may be that we cannot at once persuade them to esteem it for its highest uses; but if we can begin by making it the Day of Human Brotherhood,—a day for promoting its spirit and fostering its expression, we shall have taken the first step toward rescuing it from dishonor, and redeeming for it the good of man and the glory of God.

HENRY C. POTTER.

THE CLERGY AND THE LABOR QUESTION.

A SYMPATHETIC interest in the labor question is undoubtedly growing among the clergy of our country. This interest is quite independent of the labor troubles of the past winter, which have engrossed the attention of all newspaper readers, and is not confined to any one denomination. Proofs of it meet us on every side.

We hear of ministerial associations conferring with representatives of the Knights of Labor in order to ascertain their views. Lectures on Socialism are being delivered in our theological schools. Clergymen preach sermons on the labor movement and address labor lyceums Sunday afternoons. A bishop in the Episcopal Church finds it necessary to send a circular-letter to the clergy on the labor question. The topic set down for discussion at the last Commencement of the Yale Theological School was "The Relation of the Ministry to Socialism," and the American Congress of Churches, which met in Cleveland in the month of May, discussed the workingmen's distrust of the Church, and invited Henry George, Mr. Jarrett, and Mr. Powderly to deliver addresses. It is a hopeful sign that the clergy concern themselves seriously with these problems. It is well for them to remind us, as does the Assistant Bishop of New York, that the sacrifices demanded of us "are not so much of money as of ease, of self-indulgent ignorance, of contemptuous indifference, of conceited and shallow views of the relations of men to one another."

But, on the other hand, this interest, especially when reinforced by strong sympathies, has its pitfalls. We occasionally hear among the clergy of an open approval of Socialism. A portion of the religious press speaks not only of the duties of men, but also of their rights and wrongs. It denounces our industrial system as a system "rooted in paganism and fruitful in oppression," and inveighs against the "serfdom of our industrial institutions." Profit-sharing is not only advocated as expedient but as something to which the laborer is "entitled," while control-sharing is set up as the necessary consequence of our political system. "Monarchy in industry and democracy in politics," we are told, "do not go well together, and that is the combination we have in the United States."

Such expressions, which almost remind one of the unfortunate Christian Socialist movement of eight years ago in Germany, show how easy it is to be led into sweeping generalities, and suggest the propriety of examining the historical background, the aims and methods of the present labor movement, and of pointing out some misconceptions which are especially liable to beset the philanthropic inquirer.

The fundamental assumption, which lies at the bottom of much of this demand for radical change, is the doctrine developed in Mr. George's "Progress and Poverty," a book which endeavors to show, on a prior ground, that an increase in wealth is necessarily accompanied by an increase in poverty. That some of the rich are growing richer is undoubtedly true, but that the poor are growing poorer is not. It should be noticed that Mr. George does not claim to base his theory upon statistics. He distinctly says, "It is unnecessary to allude to facts; they will suggest themselves to the reader" (page 201). The facts, however, as far as we have them, point in the opposite direction and indicate that the poor have grown, not only richer, but better off in many other respects than they were fifty years ago. The well-known essay of Mr. Giffen on "The Progress of the Working Classes in the Last Half Century," and Mr. Atkinson's careful study on "The Distribution of Products," need not be quoted here.

The whole subject of the progress of different classes has probably never had a more thorough overhauling and discussion than that which took place a year and a half ago in London at the Industrial Remuneration Conference. This conference was attended by nearly one hundred and fifty persons representing trades-unions, agricultural societies, coöperative associations, philanthropists, capitalists, trade-councils, statistical societies, etc., and met for the express purpose of debating the question, "Is the present system or manner, whereby the products of industry are distributed between the various persons and classes of the community, satisfactory? Or, if not, are there any means by which that system could be improved?

The first day was devoted to the discussion of the question, "Has the increase of the products of industry within the last hundred years tended most to the benefit of capitalists and employers or to that of the working classes, whether artisans, laborers, or others, and in what relative proportions in any given period?" Eight papers were read on this one topic. The discussion was participated

in by a large number of people, representing different occupations and different interests, and it is remarkable that, though Mr. Giffen's statements were subjected to more or less criticism, no one undertook to give figures proving the opposite of what he alleged, that is to say, proving a deterioration of the working classes. Almost all acknowledged in one way or another the general correctness of his results. Mr. Lloyd Jones, *e.g.*, said the question was not whether the worker was better off than his grandfather in a number of things, but whether he was as well off as the resources of the country entitled him to be. Miss Edith Simcox, who read one of the most careful and discriminating of all the papers, thought that the standard of comfort had risen among the well-to-do operatives, and said: "I will admit that wages have risen fifty per cent. in the last forty or fifty years."

The general fact of the improvement in the condition of the wage-workers is not only conceded, but even claimed for certain classes of them by the men themselves. Mr. Trant, for instance, who published his book on *Trades-Unions* in 1884, and who writes authoritatively from the stand-point of the trades-unionists, says (page 71): "Hardly a single report is issued by the trades-unions that does not call attention to the rise in wages which has by combined action been brought about. . . . It would, therefore, be tedious to fill page after page with a mass of evidence to prove what is universally acknowledged. Wages have risen; that is the great fact."

But if the present period is not one of poverty, it certainly is not one of weakness or deterioration in other respects. Although it is impossible to prove the statement by figures, I think there is little doubt that the great development of our school system, and the many opportunities for getting gratuitous instruction, have added largely to the educational facilities of the wage-receiving classes. Many of the mechanics of the higher grade read a great deal and have abundant opportunities for improving their minds, and while it would not be right to judge a class by those who are put forward as its spokesmen on public occasions, the fact that the trades-unions and other labor organizations have been able to obtain the services of such able and well-trained minds as have frequently represented them, certainly speaks well for the general culture of the class.

The wage-receivers have also displayed in recent years a great deal of organizing power. The great unions, with their numerous branches, are sufficient proof of this. I need not allude to the Knights of

Labor with their 500,000 members, because the permanence of that association has yet to be proved; but as long ago as 1880 there were many unions which numbered their members by the thousand, and many of them are said to have made great gains during the past year. The Cigar Makers' International Union, which in 1880 included 12,-909, is said to have increased by 7,000 within a single year. The increase in the savings-bank deposits, and the large funds which many unions have accumulated, indicate also a great power of saving, while the willingness to undertake expensive strikes to gain sometimes a remote end shows a capability of sacrifice which, whatever the justification of the particular strike may be, is an indication of great economic strength. People who are very badly off are not apt to enter into movements involving a loss in wages alone of $3,000,000, "for principle," or for recognition, or for shorter hours, or to help others, as has been the case in so many recent strikes. That this is a correct view, is amply borne out by the testimony of Mr. Powderly. . . . He says, "The working man of the United States will soon realize that he possesses the power which kings once held—that he has the right to manage his own affairs. . . . The new power dawning upon the world is that of the working man to rule his own destinies." Mr. Powderly might, perhaps, better have compared this power to that of the Pope during the Middle Ages. It is certainly curious that one of the best historical parallels of the modern boycott (by which I mean the secondary or tertiary boycott, *i. e.*, a boycott imposed upon C in order that he may injure B and B injure A), is the Papal Interdict. When Innocent III. wanted to bring King John to terms, he did not simply excommunicate him, but he made all his people miserable by prohibiting religious services throughout the land. And just as the interdict could not be used, excepting in a period of power for the Church, so the boycott could not be used excepting in a period of power for the labor organizations which conduct it. The present period, therefore, is not one of degradation and misery for the wage-workers, but of prosperity, of power, and of influence; and the present labor movement is not so much the effort of a down-trodden class to save itself from ruin, as an attempt on the part of those who are already rising to rise more rapidly, and particularly to rise rapidly with reference to other classes. It aims to obtain, not so much a larger absolute remuneration, as a larger relative share of the product.

This point was brought out again and again in the papers and

discussions of the London Industrial Conference. Mr. Lloyd Jones said on that occasion: "It may be said that our working people are not progressing in comfort and independence *commensurately* with the increase of the nation's productive powers," and the drift of the remarks made by such men as Mr. Williams, representing the Social-Democratic Federation; Mr. Hines, representing the Wholesale Coöperative Society; Mr. Ball, representing the National Agricultural Laborers' Union, and others, showed the same feeling.

The grievance is, not that the poor are deteriorating or suffering, but that they do not get as much as they should, in accordance with justice, get. They see a great amount of wealth in the country, and they think that their share is not proportional to their deserts. The battle therefore is, to borrow an expression which one of the prominent labor reformers used in testifying before the Congressional Committee on Labor three years ago, "The battle not merely for bread, but the battle for pie." *

If this is a fair statement of the conditions under which the labor movement is at present being carried forward, what is the true significance of the methods by which it seeks to attain its end? The method which is universally used is combination, accompanied sometimes, but not always, by the strike and the boycott. Both strikes and boycotts imply for their success a combination, either temporary or permanent, and labor unions are, therefore, the turning-point in all measures adopted by wage-receivers for the improvement of their condition. Now it should be distinctly understood at the outset that a trades-union is not a philanthropic association. It is a society of persons who unite for their own benefit and not for the benefit of humanity, nor for the benefit of the working classes as a whole, nor for the benefit even of those of their own craft who are outside of the combination. The laborers know very well that, in accordance with the laws of trade, they can make a much better bargain if they act unitedly than if they act separately, just as a dealer in grain can sell at a better price, if he controls the whole market than if he has to compete with other dealers. A union is constantly attempting, therefore, to create a corner in a certain kind of labor, and those that are most successful have at times controlled the entire craft. While there is no doubt that such a combination, if managed judiciously, may result in profit to those concerned, there is equally little doubt that it cannot be successful, if unlimited num-

* Vol. I. p. 689.

bers of men are allowed to work either within or without the combination. It is therefore a necessary part of the policy of unions to restrict their own membership, and to prevent those who will not join the combination from working at all.

The fact that trades-unions are organized for the benefit of their members and not for others is seen in the fact that, where their interests come in conflict, the battle of union against union is carried on quite as vigorously as that of labor against capital.

The celebrated boycott of Mrs. Landgraf's bakery was simply a fight between two unions. The boycott of Straiton & Storm's cigar factory last year had a similar origin. A movement was recently carried through successfully in New Haven by which the five-cent barber shops were all to raise their price to ten cents, a measure which was necessarily directed at getting a higher remuneration, not from capitalists or rich people, but from poor people. And where members of a union have occasion to employ others, they are just as exacting as capitalists. This was brought out strikingly in an account which was given at the Industrial Remuneration Conference of the relations between the platers and the helpers in the ship-building trade.

The platers, it seems, worked by the piece and employed their own helpers. The result was that, while the former earned one pound nineteen shillings a day, the latter earned but five shillings. The helpers also frequently lost time, because the platers would not work, if there were any signs of bad weather, but the helpers had to be on hand to get employment.

A similar instance is given in *The North American Review* for August, 1882, by Mr. Powderly. He states that the men engaged in the iron and steel works, whose duty it was to prepare the steel and iron for market, did little manual labor themselves. The heavy work was done by laborers, and though the skilled mechanics cleared from $5.00 to $10.00 a day, they grudgingly paid the helper $1.20 or $1.50 a day. The result was, however, that in time the unskilled laborers learned to manage the metals themselves and then offered to do the work for less money. A reduction of wages followed, a strike ensued, and the Metal Workers' Union disbanded.

Labor organizations are, therefore, by no means the inaugurators of a new era of peace and good-will. On the contrary, they conduct their business according to the very principles which employers of labor adopt in theirs. They act for the benefit of their own mem-

bers, just as much as joint-stock companies do for their stockholders; and though the Knights of Labor aim to do away with the antagonism of unions, they pursue the same tactics regarding those who are not knights that the unionists do toward the scabs. Their measures are carried out with a full and intelligent appreciation of the law of supply and demand.

On the other hand, labor organizations are not simply a peculiarity of the factory system, or an outgrowth of production on a large scale and of the contrast between the wealth and poverty of modern times. Not only are such movements not new, but even the word "scab," which we have heard so frequently of late, and which had to be defined for the Congressional Committee on Labor by one of its witnesses, was used in a law-suit tried in Philadelphia eighty years ago.

It was brought out in that case that a shoemaker named Bedford had been put "under scab" for employing a man named Harrison, who refused to join the shoemakers' union. Bedford was finally obliged to move from Philadelphia to Trenton, but his shop was not declared free, until Harrison had become reconciled to the union by paying a fine. A witness testified on that occasion "the name of 'scab' is very dangerous. Men of this description have been hurt when out at night."*

Thus union terrorism could be found in our own country nearly a hundred years ago. We might, indeed, go further back and show that the whole guild system of the Middle Ages, with the journeymen's associations which developed, when the guilds became too exclusive, was nothing but the consummation of what the unions are aiming at at the present day. The principal difference is that in the Middle Ages privileges and powers were conferred by law to obtain what at the present day is obtained by voluntary association; but even in this respect the contrast is not as great as it appears to be. The unions show a constant tendency to erect into a customary law that which originated in a combination under the rules of free competition, and to reëstablish the privileges and the coercive features of the guild system. A man who was driven out of work some time ago, because he had been proscribed as a "scab" by a union, told me that he did not mind so much the pecuniary loss which he suffered, but that to be deprived of the *right* to labor was pretty hard. The tendency and aim of many labor organizations is, not to control the

* *Lippincott's Magazine*, March, 1876.

labor market merely, but actually to control the right to labor. They therefore issue "permits" which allow the artisan to work in a union shop, and "fine" those who, even before joining the union, have offended its rules. Cases are not unknown in which the employers themselves have been amerced for an offence against organized labor.

The practice of boycotting, too, which is commonly spoken of as something new, has really existed for centuries and is nothing else than that which was called in Germany *Schelten*. The definition of this word is given as follows in a German book written in the beginning of this century: "The person who is guilty of such an offence can either come to terms with his companions in the guild or not. If the ceremonial of the craft does not allow a compromise, he is proscribed. If he is a master, no journeyman is allowed to work in his employ; he cannot appear at the meetings of the craft; in the market-place he cannot sell his goods by the side of the masters, but only three paces away from them. If he is a journeyman, he must leave his work. No journeyman can work by his side. He is also proscribed, and if he wants to ply his craft in any other place, he is hunted down; that is to say, they pursue him by letters to the places to which he may have travelled or worked."* And this system of proscribing those who were guilty of an offence against the craft took place, not only on the part of the masters against the masters and of the journeymen against the journeymen, but also on the part of the journeymen against their employers. Thus an imperial edict of the year 1731, which was issued against the abuses that grew out of this custom, said: "But especially this abuse, contrary to all reason, will occur that the journeymen artisans, in accordance with a court held presumptuously among themselves, bring forward their masters, give them orders, prescribe all kinds of unreasonable laws to them, and, if they refuse, proscribe them, punish them, and even leave them."†

In the latter part of the fifteenth century a controversy broke out between the journeymen bakers of Colmar and the city council with regard to the position which the bakers should occupy in the annual Corpus Christi procession. In consequence of this trouble, the bakers left the town in a body, and it soon was found that the fraternities of bakers in other cities prevented their members from

* S. von Waltershausen, *Die Nord-Amerikanischen Gewerkschaften*, p. 238, 239.
† Ibid, p. 239.

going to Colmar to take the place of the strikers, and that even other trades had assisted the bakers by virtually boycotting the city. The matter came before the courts without, however, being settled, and the contest was continued for ten years. It was not until 1505 that the dispute was finally settled by arbitration.*

Thus the principal difference between the nineteenth century and the fifteenth lies in the size of the armies and the legal basis of their organization. In the Middle Ages, we usually have a small number of journeymen dealing with a relatively large number of masters; now we have great masses of operatives dealing with a relatively small number of corporations and firms. Then the associations, both of masters and journeymen, were recognized by the State and endowed by law with some of the functions of government. Now they are voluntary societies based purely on contract. In both cases, the aim of individual associations was the welfare of their own members, rather than a philanthropic desire to benefit humanity.

If this is a correct diagnosis of the present industrial disease, it shows that a good many expressions which are uttered regarding it by the philanthropic and sympathetic are decidedly misleading. There is, undoubtedly, a great amount of suffering in the world, and the clergy cannot call too much attention to it, or insist too strongly upon the duty of every citizen to consider the welfare of his fellow-men. But we should remember that suffering and misery have always existed, and that there is probably now less suffering per capita among the artisan classes than there ever has been before in the history of the world. If this is the case, it is futile to indulge in wholesale denunciations of the industrial system, as if it were the source of all our evils, and as if a mere change of system would bring about the millennium. The fact is, that the essential features of our present industrial system have existed, ever since slavery gave place to the wage system, and while it is not inconceivable that in the future the wage system may give way to something better, we should remember that industrial systems are not introduced by act of Congress, nor are the results of centuries of growth changed like a party platform. Industrial changes are necessarily gradual and are the outgrowth of preëxisting conditions. It is my belief, based upon conversation with a good many practical trades-unionists, that there are comparatively few wage receivers who expect any violent upheaval of existing conditions. The aim of the hard-

* For a detailed account of this controversy see Schanz: *Zur Geschichte der Deutschen Gesellensverbande*, pp. 78–90.

headed and sensible ones is to improve their position, as far as existing conditions will allow them, and a good many evidently feel fairly well-satisfied with the results of their efforts under those conditions. Mr. Owen, who spoke at the London Industrial Remuneration Conference from the unionist point of view, said, "The industries in which the operatives have built up solid, enduring organizations, that include the majority of the men who follow those trades, show a higher level of wages and even less fluctuations in employment than those in which unionism is weak or non-existent. The former trades yield to the workers nearly all that is possible to them under the present relations of capital and labor" (page 150).

We must not consider ourselves, therefore, on the brink of a new era, nor talk as if the present difficulties indicated a decided change in the relations of labor and capital. The troubles are formidable mainly on account of the magnitude of the pecuniary interests involved, just as the competition of corporations is formidable on account of the masses of capital engaged. The present movement, far from indicating a break with the existing system, is, in fact, carried out in exact accordance with its tendencies. There is a strong inclination on the part of large capitalists and large corporations to drive the smaller concerns out of existence, and to benefit aggregations of capital at the expense of the individual capitalist. Such associations as the great labor unions and the Knights of Labor further this movement in two ways: (1.) The severity of the means which they use to bring the employers to terms is such that, in many cases, only the strongest firms can hold out against them. Their attacks, in fact, are very often made first upon the smaller establishments, simply because of their weakness. The capitalists, therefore, who are most likely to be driven into bankruptcy by difficulties with their laborers are the small ones rather than the large ones, and thus the labor unions tend to still further assist the building up of great corporations and the wiping out of small employers. (2.) They tend to assist organized labor as opposed to the individual workman, and thereby again decrease the autonomy and strength of the individual for the benefit of the organization. Thus both the individual capitalist and the individual laborer tend to be sacrificed to the joint-stock company and the labor organizations.

Under these circumstances, we should carefully guard ourselves against putting too much faith in panaceas. Profit-sharing and coöperation seem to be favorite remedies at the present day, and every new attempt to introduce one or the other is hailed as

a great step toward the solution of what is called the labor problem. I would not discourage profit-sharing or coöperation in the least, for I believe in them thoroughly. But I do not believe that they are the solution of the labor problem, simply because I do not believe that the problem has *a* solution. Profit-sharing may be the cure for some of our troubles, but it is a remedy which admits of but a limited application. It should be remembered by those who talk so glibly about the duty of profit-sharing that the term itself implies profits to share. Many enterprises, however, we know are run temporarily at a loss. Many are run permanently at a loss and finally fail. In the year 1885 there were no less than 11,116 failures in the United States, with assets amounting to $55,265,102, and liabilities amounting to $119,120,700. Now profits are *ex vi termini* the share of the manager—of the person who assumes the risk, and who is called in French the *entrepreneur*. Profit-sharing, therefore, implies a share in the risk of which the profits are the reward, and its logical counterpart is, therefore, loss-sharing. But it is very doubtful if wage receivers, as a whole, would be willing to exchange the relatively sure remuneration, which they now get, for the chances of sharing in a profit, which might at any time be turned into a loss. As far as profit-sharing has been introduced, it has not been operated on this basis at all, but the distribution of profits has been in the nature of a bonus given to the laborers out of property which legally belongs to the employers. This may be in many cases advantageous to both parties by making the employés more zealous and active, and giving them a greater personal interest in the business, but it is a remedy which is liable to decrease in efficiency as its application increases. If all business enterprises were to introduce profit-sharing, the bonus would cease to act as a premium to the extent to which it does now, and it would be sure to provoke dissatisfaction on the part of employés in establishments in which the profits are small. One of the principal aims of the unions is to establish an equality of remuneration in different establishments, and profit-sharing would entirely do away with this. It would also tend to give the successful employer the pick of the labor market, and put the less skilful capitalist at a still greater disadvantage than that under which he labors at present. Profit-sharing, therefore, may be in some cases useful and advantageous, but it is not a cure-all, and it can certainly not be set up as a system to which the laborer is of right entitled. Profits belong to the manager just as wages belong to the laborer; and the laborer, unless he is at the

same time a partner, has no more right to demand a share in the profits of the employer, than he has to wear his clothes or marry his daughter.

We should also remember that though the expression, labor and capital, seems to imply that there is a contest between these two elements of production, and that one is liable to profit at the loss of the other, the phrase is in reality misleading.

The remuneration of capital is diminishing steadily year by year, until it is so low that first-class bonds net the investor but about three per cent. Under these circumstances, it cannot be claimed that capital is getting a very great reward, or that the wages of labor could be increased appreciably out of the amount paid to capital. The fact is that the controversy is waged mainly between different classes of workers, those, namely, who do the routine work and are remunerated by the day or by the piece according to a contract, and those who do the work of directing, procure the capital, assume the risks, and are rewarded out of the proceeds. Now it is perfectly true to speak of wealth as created by labor, but it is untrue to speak of it as being created by one kind of labor exclusively. That, however, is the fallacy involved in a demand frequently heard that the "laborer should get a larger share of the wealth created by his labor." The intellectual labor of the manager is just as necessary to production as the manual and intellectual labor combined of the mechanic, and a labor much more difficult and exhausting. The people who break down in early life, who are attacked with sudden strokes of apoplexy, and are victims to nervous prostration, are not commonly those who work long hours with their hands, but those who work comparatively short hours at high pressure with their brains. To many laborers Mr. Powderly's position at the head of the Knights of Labor doubtless seems something of a sinecure; yet he is said to have been confined to his bed for weeks largely through the exhaustion brought about by two short interviews with Mr. Gould, and he probably would have been very glad to do a number of hard days' work at the lathe in exchange for the hours of anxiety and mental strain which he underwent at the time of the South-western strike. It cannot, of course, be denied that the possession of capital sometimes enables its owner to make great gains through the unearned increment of the land, or through a chance rise in securities. But it should be remembered that this is frequently offset by the losses which take place, when the price of land or of securities falls, and that the gain which is made under these

circumstances, when it is made, usually comes out of the pockets of other capitalists and not of the wage-workers. To speak, therefore, of capital and labor as being antagonistic is to use entirely wrong terms. There is undoubtedly a conflict of interests between employers of labor and the laborers, just as there is a conflict of interests when any man endeavors to make a bargain with another, but it is a conflict between workers and not between labor and capital.

Another thing to be avoided is the vague talk that we frequently hear about "rights" and "justice" and "equity" as related to the labor question. It has been gravely asserted that all troubles would be averted, if employers would give "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work." The fact is that the legal rights of the wage-receiver are just like those of everybody else, and there is no law which gives him a right to a particular number of hours' work per day, or to a particular rate of compensation, or the right to be employed in a particular shop, any more than there is a law that gives the capitalist the right to a steam yacht or a villa at Newport. And, whatever views one may hold as to his moral rights, such question-begging phrases are of absolutely no use in the settlement of practical difficulties; they are rather a hindrance, because they tend to stir up animosity and ill-feeling. There are comparatively few employers, I confidently believe, who intentionally give unjust wages, and comparatively few employés who make intentionally unjust demands. The cause of the controversy is that no one has as yet determined, what is economic justice, and neither metaphysicians, nor economists, nor business men have as yet succeeded in laying down any principle by which we can determine à priori where justice ends and injustice begins. There is, however, a strong feeling on the subject among all classes, and if we could venture upon so unphilosophical a task as to determine à posteriori what economic justice is, *i. e.*, if we could determine, not what justice ought to be, but what is commonly understood by it, I think we should be brought face to face with nothing more nor less than the much-abused law of supply and demand. Setting aside the views of those who believe in communism or a socialistic re-formation of society, I believe that the mass, both of employers and of employés, are guided in their ideas of justice mainly by the law of supply and demand. I think there are few laborers who would not consider it just that wages should fall when there is an increase in the supply of labor or a fall in the demand for it, and there are also very few

employers who do not consider it just to raise wages when there is a diminution in the supply and an increase in the demand. What is needed, therefore, is not so much vague and inflammatory appeals to justice as a better knowledge of the real conditions of trade.

Equally irrelevant in most cases are appeals to sympathy and Christian principles. The utterances of a good many of the clergy seem to indicate that, if there were more Christianity in the world, there would be no cause for labor troubles. The fact is that Christian churches are guided in their business transactions by the same law of supply and demand that guides the most soulless corporations. Churches pay high salaries to talented ministers, because they are scarce, and low salaries to dull ministers, because they are plenty; and if a church ceases to like its pastor, it turns him out upon the cold world. Sometimes, we regret to say, with little regard for his own comfort or the reasonableness of its complaint. A clergyman in Connecticut lost his church not long ago because of his inability to comply with the request of his elders and read from "St. James'" translation of the Bible instead of the Revised Version.

Sympathy and Christian principles are not to be discouraged. They are especially useful when they induce people to take more interest in their fellow-men, and to inform themselves about their condition. But they do not go far toward solving the difficult financial problems that most labor disputes involve. We have had this past winter too much rather than too little sympathy in labor troubles. A good many strikes began through sympathy, and it was very common at one time to read in the papers, that a certain class of men in a factory had struck on account of certain grievances, and that another class, though having no grievances, had struck out of sympathy with the former. What we need is not sympathy, but knowledge. Many of the practical problems that arise are of such a perplexing character that they cannot be solved satisfactorily without a great deal of knowledge and technical information on both sides. The true philanthropists will, therefore, endeavor to inculcate investigation rather than sympathy, and will even then be modest in their expectations of results. The world must be improved, but it cannot be improved very rapidly, nor is there any short cut to the economic millennium. Our progress will probably be most rapid, if each one endeavors to inform himself, as thoroughly as he can, of the conditions which surround him, instead of aiming more ambitiously to settle the whole matter by an appeal to general principles.

HENRY W. FARNAM.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

To the question, What is life? there is still no definite answer. Although this is certainly true, nevertheless our scientists have by their speculations and experiments so completely changed our ideas of life that it sometimes seems that we can almost grasp the real essence of the matter, and the solution of the life question is said to be close at hand. It is the purpose of this article to review the question, to see where we stand to-day in our knowledge of life, to notice what points have been settled and what points still baffle comprehension. For, thus far, this life essence has been an *ignis fatuus;* and though many preliminary questions have been solved in pursuit of it, the solutions only serve to show us that there is something else beyond which is not comprehended.

Our first task is to find out exactly what is the question now at issue; for it is very different from what it used to be. We shall find that much is now universally conceded which was at one time strenuously disputed. The activities of organisms are no longer looked upon as manifestations of a distinct "vital force" unrelated to other forces. It will hardly be denied by any one to-day that all of the energy exhibited by organisms in their various activities is a part of the store of energy of the universe, and that all of the forces exhibited by animals are correlated with physical force in general. It has been conclusively proved that every motion made by animals, every bit of heat arising in them, is simply a portion of the energy which this world has received from the sun. The process of its transformation is as follows:

Plants by virtue of the possession of a body called chlorophyl, have the power of using the energy of sunlight. By means of the energy thus within their reach, they are able to build complicated chemical substances out of the simple compounds—water, carbonic acid, and ammonia. It is a well-known principle of physics that to build a complicated chemical body out of simple ones requires the exertion of energy, just as it does to place a lot of bricks one on top of another. All of the energy thus used is rendered latent, but it can all be obtained again in active condition by pulling the struc-

ture to pieces. Every complex chemical compound may therefore be looked upon as a store of energy. Plants, then, growing in the sunlight are continually making use of the sun's energy to enable them to build complex compounds, and they are therefore storing up the sun's energy in the form of chemical energy. The energy of their life, therefore, consists in the transformed sunlight. Now animals use the chemical compounds thus built for food. Animals are not like plants, able to make use of the sun's rays directly; but they can make use of this store of energy. They therefore derive all the energy of their life by breaking to pieces these products of the plants' constructive power. Just as the steam-engine by breaking to pieces the coal which forms its fuel, makes use of the energy thus liberated, so the body by similarly breaking to pieces its food makes use of the energy thus liberated. The steam-engine converts the energy of chemical composition into motion and heat; the body also converts the energy of chemical composition into motion and heat. All of this is practically granted everywhere, and we need not attempt to question further the conclusion. All of the energy of the body is a part of the physical energy of the universe, and its forces are correlated with other physical forces. Whatever the vital principle may be, it is not some power that creates force.

Again, it will hardly be questioned to-day that the chemical processes going on in the living body are fundamentally similar to those which may take place out of the body. The same laws of chemical affinity govern the changes taking place in the body and those occurring in experiments in the laboratory. The chemical processes of the body may be considered under two classes: the first are the processes of construction by which complex bodies are built from simpler ones—this class is chiefly found in plants; the second are those of destruction, by which the complex bodies are broken into simpler ones—this class is chiefiy characteristic of animals, though found also in plants. The destructive changes are the simpler, and there is no reason to think they are any different from the destructive processes of the laboratory. The essential feature is oxidation, and oxidation may take place anywhere. It is true that the process of this destruction in organic beings differs in some respects from that which chemists have been able to simulate. When food is thus broken up in organisms many decomposition products arise which do not occur when the process is carried on in the laboratory. These products are thus characteristic of organic

beings, and it was for a long time believed that they could never be obtained except through the influence of vitality. But modern chemistry has demonstrated the possibility of making many of them in the laboratory; many of the simpler ones have already been manufactured, and the list is constantly increasing. Plainly, however, the destructive processes are by no means so important as the constructive ones. In plants the simplest compounds H_2O, CO_2 and NH_3 are built under the influence of sunlight into the most complicated ones. Even in animals this constructive power is essential, for they do not content themselves with simply pulling to pieces the products of the life of plants. They do destroy most of their food, but the energy liberated enables them to do a certain amount of building for themselves. They change dead matter into living matter, which must be looked upon as a constructive process. Now our chemists tell us that they have reason for believing that even these constructive processes are purely chemical, and will one day be simulated in the laboratory. They have, indeed, already shown that many of these organic bodies can be manufactured synthetically. Plants manufacture protoplasm, the most complicated body of which we have any knowledge. By the decomposition of this body may be obtained a long series of decomposition products, which become simpler and simpler until they are once more resolved into the simple ones with which the plant started. Now our chemists have begun with these simple bodies CO_2, H_2O, NH_3, etc., and have commenced to climb this ladder of compounds toward protoplasm. To be sure they have not yet climbed very far, but they have made some advance. Many of the simpler members of the series have been manufactured synthetically from simple inorganic compounds. And since they have truly begun to ascend through this series, it is, of course, an easy inference to predict that they will some day reach the top and be able to make the higher members, even protoplasm itself. In theory they already tell us what the albumens are chemically, and confidently expect to be able to make them synthetically before a great while; and, indeed, they are looking forward to the time when they will be able to make protoplasm in the laboratory, and thus artificially to make living things. Judging from the general tendency of advance, it does not seem improbable that they may some time make a body which shall have the chemical composition of protoplasm; but whether or not this body would be alive is the very question at issue.

Of course it is perfectly evident that the methods used by the chemist in these syntheses are very different from those employed by living cells. The chemist uses complicated apparatus and long, round-about processes to produce the simple organic compounds. A little transparent, seemingly structureless mass of protoplasm builds directly and with ease the most complicated bodies. No one will, of course, pretend to compare the organic cell with the chemical laboratory in any exact sense. All that our chemists can succeed in showing is that organic changes are governed by the same chemical laws which regulate inorganic changes. And the possibility of the manufacture by synthetical processes of a number of the simpler organic compounds gives us undeniable evidence that chemical laws are the same in the body and in the laboratory.

Recognizing, then, that all the energy of organisms is derived from solar energy, and that the chemical processes in the body are essentially similar to those outside, the next question to be answered is how far the vital manifestations of organisms can be explained according to these laws; to see whether or not all of the activities of living things are to be explained by physical laws. And here, too, when we reach the real opinion of various thinkers, we find something like unanimity in many points at least. Understanding the doctrine of the conservation of energy, it is at once evident that all of the energy displayed by organisms must be transformed solar energy; and all of the manifestations of the body which are measurable by units used in measuring other physical forces must come under this head. Here will, of course, be included all forms of motion, both molar and molecular. The motions of the body, the heat of the body, expansion and contraction of protoplasm, all electrical phenomena, probably also nervous impulses—all, doubtless, come in this category. Indeed, all manifestations of the body which can be matched by any machine will unhesitatingly be set down as coming under the head of transformed physical forces. We can believe that the body will do anything that a machine can do without calling in the aid of any distinct force. But when we come to notice various properties of organisms not found in any machine the problem becomes more difficult.

And foremost among all of the properties of living matter are those of assimilation of food and growth. These properties, which really form one, are the fundamental characteristics of living matter which universally distinguish it from non-living matter. Now, so far

as the mechanical process of growth is concerned it is simply chemical change. This is certainly so in animals. They take into their body certain complex substances as food. This food undergoes chemical changes, chiefly those of oxidation. As a result decomposition products are obtained, and some of these products of decomposition are rejected while others are retained in the body, and thus the body grows. But it is not quite so simple as this, for, as we have seen, a certain part of the changes are constructive. Some of the food is built into living protoplasm, all of it is more or less altered, so that none of it is retained in the body in exactly the condition in which it was taken in. Even the fats, which are changed least of all, have their chemical composition altered more or less. In short, the body assimilates its food, converting it from its dead condition into its own substance. Now it is not possible to imitate these changes as yet in our laboratories, but that they are all chemical changes can scarcely be questioned. Even the constructive changes by which the body raises the compounds into a plane of greater complexity, must be regarded simply as chemical processes, the energy which is required in this process being obtained from the breaking down of other portions of food. And in plants also growth must be regarded as a chemical process, for it consists in the combination of simple organic compounds to form complex ones under the influence of sunlight.

Now, if growth can be regarded as a chemical process, there is no difficulty in understanding the origin of that other universal property of life, reproduction. This seems at first sight to be a more marvellous power than that of growth; but it is very easily derived from the latter. Fundamentally, reproduction is a direct and necessary result of growth. In its simplest form, as found in the unicellular animals, it is seen to be nothing more than a division. The unicellular organism by chemical processes continues to assimilate food and thus to grow. It keeps on increasing in size until it finally becomes so large that the cohesion between its parts is insufficient to keep the great bulk together, and as a result it divides into two parts. Each of these parts is of course like the other, and there are thus two organisms where there was only one before. This is the simplest case of reproduction, and heredity is to be explained as a necessary result of growth. Now, it is not difficult to see how the more complex forms of reproduction may have been derived from this. If instead of a single cell there were a large number

attached together, growth might lead them all to divide in a similar manner after the cohesion of parts had ceased to be sufficient to keep them together. And such a method of reproduction does occur in large groups of organisms. Or, it might be that certain parts, perhaps a single cell only, undergo this division, the parts of this cell becoming free to form new individuals; and thus would arise spores. Perhaps two individuals might fuse into one, and thus the vigor of both would be combined in one. This would lead to sexual reproduction. And so on. Of course, the details of this process are purely hypothetical; but it is easy to see that reproduction can probably be explained upon a mechanical basis as the result of assimilation and growth.

It is not necessary to take into consideration other properties of life, for it is clear that if growth and reproduction are mechanical processes, no other property of life need trouble us, except, indeed, those of consciousness and intelligence, which we do not wish to include in our present discussion. With all of this explanation and reduction of vital manifestations to physical laws, no one can fail to realize that something is lacking; and that though scientists have explained much by hypotheses they have yet left the real question untouched. It is not easy definitely to define this factor which has not been reached—a factor so prominent in the minds of those who disbelieve in the mechanical theory of life, and so readily ignored by those who hold this theory. That there is something more than has been reached by this explanation may perhaps be made evident by a further consideration of the parallel between an organism and a machine. The comparison between the dead body and the machine at rest is exact, for each has the mechanism which will enable it to transform one sort of energy into another under the right conditions. But in the body the requisite condition is the presence of life, whatever that may be, which guides the chemical changes taking place. In the machine the necessary condition is the presence of an engineer who guides the forces and chemical changes. The comparison of the living body should be not with the machine in motion simply, but with the machine plus the engineer. This difference is great indeed. A machine may be ever so perfect, and yet will not perform its work unless its engineer supply its proper conditions. Food out of the body will never go through the complicated changes above mentioned unless subjected to very peculiar conditions by the chemist. Food in the body will not go through

these changes unless subjected to the action of life. Sunlight may fall upon CO_2, H_2O, and NH_3 eternally without producing the slightest tendency toward a synthesis of these elements. But let this occur in a living green plant and how different the result. In some way living matter causes a synthesis to take place. The presence of life in an organism causes certain chemical changes to be set up in it which result in growth. Remembering that none of these changes will take place of their own accord, it is perfectly evident that there is something supplied by organism beyond simple chemical affinity—some sort of a power which directs the chemical changes. Whatever it may be, it is the essence of life. In almost every sentence used in comparison of animals with machines this factor can be seen. Even Huxley, the foremost in the mechanical theory, says, "We touch the spring of the word-machine," and the result is speech, and the term *we* implies something not present in machines.

That there is a difference between organisms and machines at this point may be made more evident by consideration of the difference between living and dead organisms. That the body is a machine, and that like the machine it converts chemical energy into mechanical energy will to-day be everywhere admitted. But a machine cannot die. A machine may stop its motions, but a machine at rest is not comparable with the dead body. In both cases it is true there is a cessation of the changes which constitute activity, but in the one case the changes may be resumed again, in the other this is impossible. A dead body can never be revivified. It is more strictly to be compared to a machine which has lost its engineer, for with this loss disappears all possibility of further action. Its mechanism may be perfect and it may have all the possibilities for action except a directing power, but without this it is forever quiet. And so an organism is, as far as we can see, frequently intact after death, with all of its mechanism present; there is just as much stored energy in a pound of fat in the dead body as in the living body, and it is just as capable of being oxidized. As far as we can see, therefore, every physical condition may be present in the dead body which is necessary to produce the process known as life, if the process could once be started. But without this spark of life to start and direct the chemical changes no life can show itself. And in like manner do we find all other comparisons ever made between organic and inorganic matter failing at this point. Living things

have been compared with crystals, for both grow, although the process of growth is very different in the two cases. But a crystal cannot die. Take it out of the solution upon which its growth depends and it will cease to grow, forever remaining stationary. Put it back in the solution and once more it will resume its growth. A steel bar may be magnetized, and under these conditions will exhibit properties which it did not possess before. But it may by a blow be demagnetized, and thus lose all of these properties. This seems indeed, to bear much resemblance to death, until we remember that the steel bar may be magnetized and demagnetized indefinitely and never once fail to exhibit its properties. But an organism once it has lost its vitality, can never be revitalized. It is true that many organisms, such as seeds, may for a long time fail to exhibit any vital properties, and yet under the right physical conditions will resume their activities, but if they are once dead they can never be brought to assume a vital condition. It is perfectly plain that at this point all of the comparisons of organic with inorganic processes fail. There are some conditions supplied by the living organism not found in the inorganic world, and these conditions, whatever they may be, direct the play of chemical forces in the organism.

We have now finally reached the question at issue. The vitalistic question to-day is not to decide how many activities of organisms can be explained by chemical and physical laws, but to discover what are the conditions which regulate these processes; to decide why it is that a living body can induce chemical changes which are impossible in the dead body. One answer which has long been given to this question is, that the necessary condition is the presence of a "vital force"; a force uncorrelated with other forces—a distinct entity in itself. This force is life. It is conceived as having been supplied to the world at the beginning of life on the globe, and as having been handed down from one generation to another. Vitality is therefore considered as something apart from the physical universe, but as capable of exerting an influence upon matter to direct the changes taking place in it. According to this view spontaneous generation would be an impossibility, for this vital force not being derivable from other forces, could only have its origin from previously existing vital force. This theory labors under the disadvantage of being unable to say what is meant by vital force, for of course we can get no conception of any force, except by its results. But the vital theory claims that life is an immaterial something

which directs physical processes so as to produce the activities which distinguish living things. We need not further consider this view, for it consists chiefly in recognizing the necessity of something more than chemical affinity and change, and in acknowledging our inability to explain it, by giving it the name vitality.

The point of dispute to-day is not whether the vitalistic theory would explain the facts, but whether it is necessary. A purely mechanical view of life has slowly arisen from the profuse speculations, which claims to be able to meet the case without recourse to any imaginary "vital force." The general tendency of scientific thought gives a certain amount of à priori bias in favor of such a view. It has been unquestionably the tendency of science to explain more and more of the phenomena of the world in terms of the properties and laws of the material universe. The foundation of the law of conservation of energy, the conception of forces as modes of motion, are great steps in this direction. In the organic world the theory of evolution, the application of the conservation of energy to the mechanics of life, the perception that the same chemical laws govern living things and dead, and every discovery of likeness between vital processes and those purely mechanical, are all steps toward this general unification. It is certainly in a line with this advance to reach a mechanical explanation of this life essence. If, therefore, a mechanical explanation is possible, there is good reason for believing that it is in the line of truth.

The mechanical theory is, in brief, that the directive conditions of which we are in search are simply those of chemical composition and molecular arrangement. It is pointed out that the properties of compounds increase in complexity with the increase of the complexity of the compounds; that as the molecule becomes more complicated the powers and possibilities become more diversified. The properties of the newly arising compounds have, moreover, no traceable relation to the properties of the elements from which they are made. Oxygen and hydrogen when they unite form water, a compound with properties not possessed by the elements; and yet we do not doubt that they are due to the properties of the elements. It is therefore easy to make the far-reaching assumption that, when the molecule becomes as complicated as that of protoplasm, its properties will be as complicated as those of living things. One of these properties is to induce chemical changes in foods. Just as it is the property of water to dissolve many chemical substances, so it

is the property of the highly complex body protoplasm to cause chemical changes. When it is possible, we are told, to manufacture the chemical substance protoplasm, it will of necessity be alive, for there are no peculiar powers in organisms not inherent in them as the result of molecular arrangement. The directive power which seems to exist is no directive power at all, but only a property of protoplasm. Just as it is a property of platinum sponge to cause hydrogen to unite with oxygen, so it is the property of protoplasm to cause more complicated oxidations to take place, which produce the fundamental process of growth, and from this, as we have seen, other vital activities easily follow. We see, therefore, that the comparison of the body with a machine plus its engineer is replaced by a machine that is *purely* automatic, and finds in its own complex composition the conditions which regulate its activities. Death, according to this idea, is simply the destruction of protoplasm, which would, of course, destroy its properties. Just as soon as protoplasm begins to lose its complicated structure, it loses all of the properties belonging to it as protoplasm; and this is death. Demagnetism of a bar of steel is therefore strictly comparable to death, the only difference being that it is possible to cause the steel bar to resume its former molecular arrangement and once more to possess its magnetic properties. This possibility does not, however, exist in living things, because decomposition processes immediately set in as soon as the constructive power is lost. What is lost in death is, therefore, not any directing force, but chemical composition. Life is thus only an abstraction from the properties of living things, just as aquosity would be an abstraction from the properties of water.

This mechanical theory of life is not at present open to direct argument. The dynamics of protoplasm may be studied carefully; it may perhaps be shown that all the activities of protoplasm are easily explained as the result of chemical and physical forces. Already scientists are beginning to comprehend how the complicated movements of protoplasm, which have proved so puzzling, are intelligible as the result of chemical change whereby the density of the substance is altered, and consequently its shape. Indeed, appearances seem to indicate that perhaps all the activities of protoplasm may be explained thus easily. But all of this fails to reach the real question at issue which regards the directive cause of these changes. The only direct argument would be to manufacture protoplasm and have it begin to assimilate food, or to show in some other way that

a purely automatic machine is a possibility, which shall, as organisms do, supply itself with its own conditions of activity. Until this is done, the mechanical theory can be only an inference from the general tendency of scientific advance.

Whether or not this mechanical theory be accepted, it is perfectly evident that we have not by any means reached an explanation of the origin of life on the globe. Even if the conditions sought are only those of chemical composition, it is a fact that these conditions are to-day attained only through the influence of previously existing life. There seems to have been a continuity between all protoplasm, for it has never been found possible to produce this condition of matter except through other matter in a similar condition. Once this condition is assumed, from its properties it is self-perpetuating; but we have no knowledge of how it first arose. The experiments of Tyndall have proved that there is no evidence for the origin of life spontaneously. Not only have they proved that experimental evidence is wanting, but theoretical arguments to the same effect have appeared. It is perfectly plain that the first forms of life must have been able to build organic substances out of the simple inorganic compounds CO_2, H_2O, etc., and this, as we have seen, is impossible without the influence of chlorophyl. But none of the experiments which have been claimed as evidencing spontaneous generation, have claimed the development of chlorophyl. And, more than this, the study of the organic world, as a whole, shows a unity of descent throughout which indicates only one origin of life. Our scientists are beginning to disbelieve in the possibility of proving spontaneous generation, at the present day at all events. Whether our conception of life be the mechanical one or not, we are thus no nearer the explanation of the origin of life. But even if we suppose that we may some time gain a knowledge of how the first life might arise from non-living matter, we are still no nearer a mechanical conception of the universe. The problem would then read: The properties and laws of matter are such that, under certain circumstances, life will result; but what is the explanation of these laws and properties? They would then require as much of an explanation as does the origin of life to-day. In short, a purely mechanical explanation of the universe is impossible. Behind all must be posited something which the scientist calls Law, which Spencer calls the Unknowable, but which the theist calls God.

H. W. Conn.

REMINISCENCES OF HELEN JACKSON.

THERE is a little house in Colorado Springs standing with its back to the north, and its living face to the east and south. Roses climb along the garden fence and flow over on the lawn; woodbine and bowers of clematis screen windows and porch, and make a quiet and leafy seclusion. In nowise remarkable, ordinarily, the presence of these two common things of the earth, sunshine and flowers, has in this special instance a peculiar significance. Mournfully they recall the tastes and sensibilities of her who dwelt there in the body, to whom the light of the morning was a glory ever renewed, and the love of flowers a never-failing delight and intimate consolation. From the porch you may indeed look westward, where afar the great bald summit of Pike's Peak towers as if leaning forward to sink you in its shadow. Away to the south are the long, curving slopes of a noble mountain, rising directly from the surrounding plains in one solid unit of mass. In all the central range of the Rocky Mountains there is nothing like it; but its character of isolation and unmatched solidarity, is not the reason for my singling it out from all the objects that encircle the porch's field of vision. More than any other inanimate object about here, it was beloved—and beloved in a way that only ardent lovers of mountainous landscape can fully understand—of her whose eyes saluted its piney sides and wind-carved crown with involuntary benediction. Day by day, during her last summer, through open door and from her Bombay wicker-chair on the piazza, she lay and watched Cheyenne Mountain, responsive to all its changes of color, atmosphere, and verdure, throughout the warm mornings, and when the lengthening shadows of the evening started from its base for their gradual conquest of the eastward-stretching plains. It was a drama of ceaseless interest and charm for her. Before she left us for Southern California, the dim blueness of its hollows and its upper flanks of pale green had begun to fade and turn, and she saw once more, for the last time, the splendor of the fall leafage, the edges of scarlet and the clusters of yellow flame that suggested such nameless departures for her excursive fancy.

These externals are interesting, of course, only because of their incidental association with the life of a poet whose verse is familiar to her countrymen. If she has written well of mountains, we may be sure the daily companionship and sympathetic study of old Cheyenne has contributed its share in the result by its own special self-revelations, and when I think of some of her sonnets, or stray lines to flowers, I see the rose-bushes grouped about the garden gate, their wild kindred of the cañons and the prairie, and the girdling hills whose semicircle ends in that massive pile the poet loved. I pass the house to-day, and the blinds are down, the roses withered, the arm-chair empty,—sad reminders of the irreparable loss and changes of the revolving year.

To enter that house was to find repose and happiness, a happiness for the eye and repose for the mind. In the chill Fall afternoons a fire of mixed piñon and pitch-pine burned brightly on the hearth, emitting a fragrant balsam like the summer breath of woods, and it was by this uncertain light, perhaps, you examined the large and excellent cast of one of Lucca della Robbia's groups of singing children looking down from above the mantel. In a little alcove opposite a scarlet flamingo, overhung often with sprigs of flaming sumach fresh from yesterday's drive, kept watch over the low shelves crowded with the choice editions of the poets the hostess held most dear. Books, indeed, overran the apartment from the littered work-aday table to every available nook and corner, spilling over into the adjoining rooms and even into the hall. The walls were hung with prints, etchings by French and English masters, pen-and-ink sketches, works in color, pure line engravings, and the work of the *Century* and *Harper's* school, and first-hand photographs from the favorite pictures of Raphael and Leonardo. But these and the rugs and hangings, the vases and articles of *vertu*, you perceived at every turn, were all more or less the relics and witnesses of an ardent love of travel and of art. There were carpets from Cashmere, *tilpahs* from Taos and other Indian pueblos, silk *portières* from Bellagio, Egyptian bowls, Madras wicker-work, Belgian and Swiss brasses, Indian wallets, and Chinese and African carving; but most precious of all in her own eyes, a hap-hazard collection of water-jars from all quarters of the globe; the gold and silver Aztec jars along-side the Cypriote, the rudely twined and grotesquely painted earthen-ware of New Mexico shouldering the early Etruscan and the leather bottles of East Africa; the strangely hung flasks of the California Mission

Indians; and then some gem of exquisite design, some Greek vase such as the girls at Capri still balance upon their heads, the right arm supported on the hip and the left descending in a long line, as they go down the mule-path in the early morning to draw water from the spring. Nothing was complete, not even the interesting collection of primitive grotesques; there was no show of system, no effect at historical classification. The taste of the possessor did not move in grooves, or submit itself to any special hobby in china or clay. But every piece about her was a hint and evidence of that loving care for the things of art which lay deep in her nature, an ineradicable instinct. How often she took them in her hands, and turned them tenderly to the light that you might appreciate the craft of their glowing colors and their eccentric lines and contours!

Far removed from the conventional atmosphere of dilettanteism, everything marked some association, half humorous, half pathetic. A plain man, a carpenter, was found one day, with his chisel suspended in a limp hand, standing open-mouthed and mute before the Lucca della Robbia cast on the chimney. At last he pointed to one of the young choristers in the group, whose muscles were swelling grandly in his neck as he lifted his head for the high tenor notes. "Well, ma'am," he said, breaking silence, and turning to the mistress of the house, "isn't that young fellow jest a singin' hisself loose!" How she enjoyed telling that incident. A rug woven of the odds and ends of rags recalled a singular old woman who wrought it sitting by her door-step in the sun and blinking over the threads as they fell one by one into their predestined pattern; this water-bottle had been carried by a Mission Indian girl—a Ramona, perhaps—on the hills about Los Angeles; and that yonder was given to her by a water-carrier in the Savoy, whereby also hangs a tale. It was so, likewise, with her books and prints, a silent but amply vocal company of friends, the autograph gifts of poets, artists, and men-of-letters who surrounded her with the love and remembrances of brothers and sisters of one guild.

Her home and material surroundings reflected the image of a mind devoted to letters and art, but no more. Her proper life went on in her books, in her correspondence, and, above all, among her friends.

When Mrs. Jackson first came to Colorado, it seemed to her transforming fancy a kind of paradise. Its high, clear sapphire skies, its brilliant suns, its far-reaching prospects of mountain and plain,

were a constant well-spring of delight to her. She learned at once to know the secrets of the rocks and flowers, and something of the existence of the early settlers, full of almost hopeless toil, beset with every variety of peril, and abounding in adventure. Here, too, she saw and studied her first Indians and listened to the tale of their wrongs, often from their own lips.

What these things were to her, how her nature expanded, face to face with such novel experiences, there is positive testimony in her little volume of *Bits of Travel at Home*, whose most charming chapters were written in these altitudes. Her essays on valleys and mountains and cañons were the final fruit of a long familiarity and an almost daily concernment with natural scenes. As a vast mining camp and grazing State, Colorado was already well known when she came to it, but it was this little cluster of out-door studies that first opened the eyes of the Eastern world to its strange and grandiose landscape. In later years, it is said, Mrs. Jackson tired of this her first love; she came to prefer the softer suns and more equable climate of Southern California, and even transferred her fondness for the Colorado wild flowers to the more tropical flora of the Pacific State. Well, she was travelling from beauty to beauty, each good end even supreme in its kind; and there was not transference, but simply an increased capacity for enjoyment. As a matter of fact, however, her residence in Colorado had been shortened for the last four years, or entirely forbidden, by a diminishing power of adaptability to the climate, which, after the cold weather set in, seemed always to dispose her to a bronchial affection. The intimation of a changed heart under changed skies was surely undeserved, so long as she could remain here without actual bodily suffering. She never ceased to speak with animation and true appreciation of the out-door charm of the Land of the Red Earth.

Like so many others whose lives are divided between several places, Mrs. Jackson found that her relations with her townspeople were, unfortunately, broken and fragmentary. The intervals between her flights eastward and westward hardly allowed her time to cement ties of a social nature, even if it had been desired. She was the author to the many—a woman to only a few, and this few of mixed constituency. For conventional people, people of the polite world who become rigid by conformity, she cared very little; they bored her, though her sense of courtesy probably checked any expression of it. On the other hand, with people in humble life, with

eccentric personages or strong individualities, with artists, with earnest workers in any department, she was always in a pleased and eager sympathy. Most of us commonly need some other ground for the claims on us of such people, than sheer individuality; it alone will not make companionship endurable. But to Mrs. Jackson the little old carpet-weaver was a comrade; she would sit and chat with her by the hour, intent on her legends and her dialect, while the placid crone puffed into her face clouds of smoke from a much-blackened clay pipe. Another particular friend (shall I not say?) was the toll-keeper of a certain mountain road near the town. To a few of us she was known as the Fourth Grace, for, like one of the classical sisterhood, she goes with "zone unbound," and not infrequently with flying hair. Her fried chicken and home-brewed ginger-pop are famous refreshments known to every tired wayfarer in the cañon; but it was none of these things that wove the tie between this woman and the poet. "Well, ma'am, is it you to-day, and a lookin' for the kinnikinick. There, yonder, by the knoll above the big rock you'll find it growing with the little berries as scarlet as a cock's comb." She knew where this western holly nestled from the winter winds, where the lilies and the blue-fringed gentian were hiding in the summer grasses. It was the ancient touch of nature that made them akin. It was just the same with clear-brained mechanics, with shepherds and drivers, with children. Instinctively she found the key that unlocked their hearts; their special tastes, their oddities, their turns of skill, there inner histories were divined, entered into, enjoyed. Something in this there was, no doubt, of the artists' love of "types" and "local color," but behind any such pre-occupation lay the vital sympathy of the woman, her fellow interest in the checkered lot of humanity.

Her demeanor towards strangers was that of an amiable woman of the world, fenced with a certain reserve, which thawed in an instant under the assurance of sympathy, and became something finer than cordiality. No one could have had a greater dislike of being remarked or lionized, and perhaps the apprehension of such a result had made her more than commonly shy and guarded; but her surrender to a favorable impression was immediate and complete. She even went to the other extreme, and often over-estimated new possessions. It is also true that her first impressions were rarely wrong.

All these outward signs corresponded happily to the inner fact. What her face and manner, her whole personality suggested, was

borne out in her ordinary every-day talk and disposition as they were known to her friends everywhere. There was nothing in them to subtract from the simple nobleness of the poetic ideal. Those who went out to see a figure of the vulgar æsthetic fancy were sure to go away disappointed; and not otherwise they who looked for an oracle of the literary type. A glad blithesomeness belonged to her, potent to conquer even ill health and suffering. "Did you ever know anything like Mrs. Jackson's cheerfulness?" neighbors said, during her illness, questioning one another with astonishment. The spring of her imagination kept her so, the continual glow of a mind to which every small occurrence was a fructifying centre of interest. Her keen intellectual curiosity happily lasted to the end. The physician who attended her in San Francisco wrote that he had never seen anything like it; her eye never lost its brilliance, her speech its vigor and precision of phrase. Her relish of a witticism remained ineffaceable, and ineffaceable, also, her profound interest in the cause she had championed, as her letter to President Cleveland showed. To the last hour of consciousness almost, her pen was in her hand. A few days before her death she told the doctor she had had a strange dream, and tossed him from her bed the quatrains entitled *A Rose Leaf*, beginning:

"A rose leaf on the snowy deck,"

her last bit of verse, possessing a wild romanticness, like some inspired etcher's felicitous scrawl. This literary activity went on in the midst of an habitual practical thoughtfulness—a quality not often combined with the poetic temperament. Among her last acts were a contribution to a poor woman in Colorado, and the giving of directions for the relief of sufferers from a local flood. "Give the rest to poor Aunt Pop," she wrote a friend. "She is the most pitiful case I know of, and I have always been really fond of that queer old woman. She has nobility of character and a grim mirthfulness, which, I fear, poor soul, has left her now." And there follows specific mention of the articles of clothing and utensils to be given to her. Besides the quatrains alluded to, a stray piece, with the heading, *Habeas Corpus: a Farewell to my Body*, accords with what many of her friends well knew of her more intimate habits of speculation." *

* This and three other remarkable poems have since appeared in the *Century* Magazine.

No one loved beauty more than she; no one could depreciate the body more when it began to lose its freshness. For strong young men in their prime, for blooming girls and mature womanhood, she had an admiration as frank and almost as unqualified as a Greek's. But her very adoration of physical loveliness made her peculiarly sensitive to imperfection and the dismal accompaniments of sickness. In her own case, when accident brought infirmity upon her, it was received at first with a shudder of disgust, a kind of quick, impulsive scorn, of which, perhaps, only noble natures are capable. She spoke of her illness as "a career of disgrace." It was not, probably, for the loss of creature comforts, nor even the long train of afflictions which it entailed; these she could endure; they proved, in fact, a field for the exercise of a fortitude which was little short of heroic. Health meant liberty, its loss an endless series of restrictions affecting her activity and the free play of her intelligence. She resented them as something outside of herself, which deserved only contempt and chastising. Her soul, she thought, could lift itself above them—*was* above them. Throughout her sufferings, she kept her sunniness of spirit, her serenity and elasticity.

And she continued to work, and think of work. This, indeed, was an integral part of her creed. To idlers and *dilettanti* she had always turned a cold shoulder; they had no place in her scheme of things. If her antipathy assumed at times a humorous form, it was none the less real and deep-seated. It would have gratified the most rigid economist to have heard her set forth this thesis of life as a period of active production. She rejoiced to call herself, and be called, a working-woman; there was no better title under heaven to her sense, and her life was a long enforcement of the belief, a fruitful illustration of how it could be practised with dignity and success. Primarily woman of letters as she was, it is perhaps not unworthy notice that she carried this spirit of thoroughness into the smallest practical matters. She had the art of housekeeping, I am assured, in perfection; every detail in the *ménage* was under her personal supervision, with certainly the most charming results—an exquisite order and smoothness in the whole domestic economy. Among other uncommon features in her house, she had set aside one comfortable apartment as a sitting-room for her domestics; they gathered there in the evening under their own lamp, and spent the time reading the papers and books with which the table was kept well supplied. Few mistresses ever had such devoted servitors.

In all her own work Mrs. Jackson scrupulously followed her maxims, but a certain line of division needs to be observed regarding it. Up to the time when she espoused the cause of the Indians all her productions sprang from a purely artistic impulse, independent of any extrinsic force; afterwards, the plastic sense was subordinated to the larger interest she had come to find in humanity. Thenceforward her simple delight in form and color and cadence are regulated by her moral convictions. It is all the difference there is between her volume of poems and *Ramona*. Upon the latter, her maturest production, in spite of the spontaneity of its birth, there seems to me the seal of deliberation and effort. Yet even here I hesitate for fear of overstating; for it was when examining the proof-sheets of that charming Indian pastoral, I remember, the present writer ventured to praise the purity of its literary workmanship, to the author's evident distress. With a writer who was already a veteran, she said, that was a matter of course, and she proceeded to rebuke him gently for his insensibility to the sad reality which the picture merely reflected. It was impossible to reply at that moment that the whole tragedy was made what it was only by her exquisitely simple and lucid art of narration, which she had come to count second to her ultimate purpose. No doubt if she had lived her art and her philanthropy would have come more into equilibrium, and mingled to produce a more perfect work than *Ramona* even.

No woman was ever, I suppose, so completely in her own person the realization of that ideal poet who haunts the imagination of young and ardent people. The personage of a poet is almost invariably disappointing. It is hard to reconcile the inner world and heightened moods of poetry with a black coat; it is harder still to match the protrusive underlip of Gray with the solemn strains of the *Elegy*, or the lofty cadence of the *Ode to Duty* with Wordsworth's homely rural physiognomy. The sharp contrast and lack of any correspondence between two men and their works is apt to give a stab of pain and surprise. A little reflection modifies the apparent discord, and something of the ideal poet the youthful fancy has drawn remains, softened and subdued in outline. In the poet of whom I am writing this indefinable something was, I believe, really found by many who knew, and by some who had merely passed a brief half-hour or an evening in her presence. It was impossible to see her quietly sitting in a well-filled room without a certain drawing of

the eye thitherward, and to not a few her active participation in an entertainment lent it a new charm. Her talk was charming, bright, eager, full of a fine expansiveness, and never pedantic or tedious. She cordially disliked monologue; it was too engrossing; it checked the natural flow, the give-and-take of the best conversation. It ought to be added that for a woman of such full mind she was a capital listener, a gift rare enough in people who talk well and think rapidly. Altogether, she was a woman moulded by nature in a large and generous way; you were, immediately on being presented to her, conscious of a goodly height of stature, a certain gracious amplitude, and in movement a fine stateliness, but it was not these that fixed your attention; it was her head and face, and of the one I can only say it was beautifully poised and shapely, with a liberal breadth of brow, and a mouth of exquisite sensibility and wit, and of the other, that it was indubitably the face of a poet—refined in its lines, with a general air of massiveness, the dilating nostrils and the eyes being particularly remarkable. But her expression was so mobile, so swiftly responsive to the varied alternations of thought and feeling, that one despairs of defining it in a single term. Sometimes it was the pure intelligence you seemed to see in the gray-blue eyes; sometimes it was the play of humor quickening in every lineament, or a sudden flash of wit, illumining the whole face—a face, surely, fashioned to mirror the spirit within in all its moods, from laughter to tears. Of late years it came to be expressive on the whole of a large and sweet benignity.

Another possession was hers which made her shine among women; I mean that simplicity, that naïveté, that touching childlikeness which is commonly attributed to genius alone. In her it constantly showed itself as a sense of wonder and as pure impulsiveness. Impulse dominated her thought and action, and it was the child's open, uncontrollably generous impulse, acted on with a child's precipitancy. She had, too, all the child's love of wonderful things, of adventure, of mystery. A story was a story with her to the last; the fable and incidents alone sufficed to absorb her. Often I have seen her eyes dilate with astonishment, or grow dark with indignation over some pathetic bit of fiction. For the moment she believed it, and the wrong, however fanciful, was a real wrong, to be denounced, nay, if possible, to be set right. Dreams were a source of delight or grief to her, as the case might be. Some of her stories flowed from these midnight fantasies; they seemed with her to have

a kind of spiritual significance, above that of the premeditated day-plans of the mind. Half of her success in talking to children and writing for them is traceable, no doubt, to this extraordinary freshness of the childlike faculties. A lady who was at school with her when they were children says that her ghost stories were told with such thrilling realism that her playmates took fright and sometimes refused to hear them out.

I have spoken of her friends, but one word further remains to be said. Not least among those who will miss her here are the flowers she loved. I use an allowable hyperbole in speaking as if they had a conscious existence. They were her friends, and she theirs, in a genuinely spiritual sense. Who shall gather them with such reverent hands, and bunch and distribute them with such an exquisite feeling for their loveliness? Who shall now tell us what they are, and what they suggest and interpret to the musing soul?

None of our poets, save Lowell and Longfellow, have reached such intuitive insight into the world of fields and meadows; and high as they are, neither of these singers ever *felt* the *color* of flowers as she did, nor described them with a delicacy so fanciful. I have in my hand a letter, written shortly before the end, in which she speaks incidentally of a certain flower-painter's hard and literal manner of painting. "The average person likes to be able to count the daisy's petals," she remarks, "just as he can in the real daisy. As if fingers and eyes were the same thing! I have a bunch of lovely yellow acacia on my bureau now; from my bed (where I am writing, before breakfast) I cannot see one single petal distinct from any other, as I look at them—hardly the green leaf in full outline. I see distinctly that there are a dozen or more blossoms, and a mass of fine green leaves overlaying each other."

A touch of mysticism, which ran like a deep vein through a temper habitually pellucid, mingled with her love and thoughts of flowers. She said once to me, as we passed by a roadside banked with asters and golden-rods, bending forward to the wagon-ruts, "Sometimes they seem to welcome me, inaudibly, but in attitudes of positive expectancy, and I can do nothing but take a few home to be with me for a little while, and then wither. But it is not death; it is perfect ripening; they have come to the end of their serviceableness."

It was her custom before her accident last summer to visit the cañons in the neighborhood almost daily. One beautiful glen in par-

ticular was her favorite retreat, and after the allotted journey work was finished in the shade of the firs, the quest for flowers began, and up and down the steep cliff of the cañon, and along the red pebbly bed of the stream, with its tangle of fringing chaparral, she hunted indefatigably, and with a glow of homage to every new possession. She found her kindred there. No one knew so well as she where the harebells, the yarrow, and the white spiræa grew, the moist, sunless gulfs where the mariposa lily, the rarer honeysuckle, and the shyly splendid columbine, were to be discovered. With her other rich measure of vines and rooted plants, she sought her carriage, and was driven homeward, deep cushioned in her bower of fragrant greenery and interspersed harmonies of color.

She lies at rest in a sheltered spot in Pine Hill Forest, on the northern slope of Cheyenne Mountain. It was the place of her own choosing. Round about the gray hills rise in a shadowy circle, the pines make a constant murmuring undertone, and afar you hear, though dimly, the rush of the cañon's watercourse. There is a little spring of water close by, and the earth is strewn with fir cones and needles, lost here and there in the wild tangles of the kinnikinick. The sunlight lies warm upon its banks, and the wild things of the hills come there unaffrighted. No more solitary and beautiful place could be imagined for a poet's last repose; but then it is the solitariness of the landscape she loved, and in whose wildness she found some of the deep secrets of human joy and consolation.

LOUIS SWINBURNE.

IN AND AROUND A DESPATCH BOX.

I.

THIS was the way of it. It was not a set of burglar's tools that gained admittance to the box, but that open sesame to heart and home and all that both contain which the Virginian, universally hospitable but properly distrustful of even the angel he may entertain unawares, reserves for his kindred, the earthly credentials of those of his own blood being on the whole altogether more satisfactory to him than any experiment in heavenly guise coming from a world of which he knows nothing, but which he has been known to contrast unfavorably with the favored region lying between Hampton Roads and the Alleghanies. There was the fact of relationship then, and a railroad ticket did the rest. An ordinary, be-couponed ticket with certain stations marked on it, and a printed notice in which the company washed its hands of all passengers, and responsibilities, but modestly gave no indication that for and in consideration of the outlay it represented, its owner could be transported fully fifty thousand miles and from one to two centuries from the place where it was bought, Washington. The official whose duty it is to inspect these magical slips of paper, and whose pleasure it seems to look at them as often as possible, say at every other telegraph pole, had hardly begun his rounds when the dome of the Capitol began to fade out of sight and was soon only to be faintly traced against the sky like the towering buildings that Cole puts in the clouds of the "Cross and the World," to represent the danger of going to Congress perhaps and becoming a wicked—[please insert "Republican" or "Democrat" according to the complexion of your politics]. A mist that had prevailed all morning thickened suddenly and shut out the world I had left, the world of electric lights, telegraphy, steam, telephones, horse-cars, and all modern inventions, including hurry, flurry, and worry. I suspected nothing, and thought it a merely temporary eclipse of the sun of the nineteenth century, notable only because it shut me into a car filled with folk flying to Florida for fear of the ides of March, with a stove that was nearly red-hot, with the tireless vendors of stale figs and prize boxes, with "somebody's darling," a

creature that sentimentalists might choose to describe as an infant angel, but whom I unhesitatingly denounce as an infant fiend, mine ancient, relentless, implacable, and perfectly insufferable enemy, in short the baby. *The* baby, I say, the baby of all my travels, the all-pervading, ubiquitous, iniquitous destroyer of my peace. I use the definite article advisedly for it is always the same baby. I always know it the moment I lay eyes on it, although such is its cunning that it never looks exactly the same twice, but changes its features, hair, complexion, dress, nationality, sex, and even mother, or nurse, at will, to escape detection with a cleverness more than Mephistophilean. It is now a French girl with a much-aproned, neat-capped *bonne* in attendance; now a German boy in a sort of mummy case of wonderful construction, a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed mother bending above it. Once it was a nondescript orange, blue, and purple bundle that almost deceived even me, until, peering closely at some tufts of black hair, and into a pair of malignant black eyes, I recognized the wretch posing as a *Japanese* child in the arms of a smiling, flat-nosed, Japanese matron. It always knows me, too, and shows that it does by this token, as our Fenian friends say; it opens its mouth and shrieks. Heavens! how it shrieks! for hours and hours at a stretch, and it can neither be buffeted, cajoled, churned, caressed into good behavior, nor diverted by any means whatever from its deadly purpose. But I rave. Much suffering doth make me mad. I might have known that the days of witchcraft, magic, enchantment were not gone when I saw it opposite me, got up in such excellent imitation of an African baby that it would have taken in the President of Liberia himself, but the thought did not suggest itself, or rather extend itself, beyond the first effort required for the recognition of the foe, even when the rain ceased, and looking out I saw that I was in a country the like of which I had never seen before. Where was I? What wide, wet, lonely land was this stretching broadly away before me? Was it Maryland, Virginia, Holland, land of "*canards, canaux, canaille?*" Land or water would one call it? There was as much of the one as of the other almost. Water dripping from every tree—bough, twig, leaf. Lakes in the meadows and fields; pools everywhere; and every now and then a broad river sweeping suddenly across our path. And what else? Plantations of scraggy young firs and pine, strange, reedy, sedgy growths of many kinds, tufts of bamboo and wire-grass. A heavy-bodied Northern sea-gull, as different from its swift, graceful namesake of the Gulf of Mexico as ever American

maid was from English matron, lumbering slowly along toward the East. A duck, possibly the incomparable canvass-back that keeps the people of two States in a chronic state of indifference to any pursuit less important than shooting, and tends to produce a race of men as mild as "my uncle Toby," flying off to the West with neck outstretched and wings beating awkwardly against its ridiculously inadequate feet. "How gray and desolate, how ugly and melancholy it all looks," I think to myself, but continue to stare at it for two hours, after which I come to change my mind on one or two points. The peculiar character of the country begins to impress itself upon me, and I am no longer insensible to its peculiar charm. How could I have thought it gray when the vegetation is all color, not loud or vivid or, at first, attractive, but full of delicate beauty, a perfect study of the various shades of purple, green, brown, orange, crimson? Gray, when even the water is turbidly-brown, blue as the sky above it, greenly-reflective of the firs about it, chrome-yellow in some places, and red in others? And as to its being melancholy, that depends. Those men out in that boat seem to be enjoying themselves. And there is a pair of lovers in another by no means miserable; and here is a *belle Africaine*, so exhilarated by her surroundings that she is dancing a "break-down" on the porch of a hovel set in a marsh, backed by what looks like the Slough of Despond. Another hour of journeying, during which the stove at the end of the car shows as fine a bit of color as metal can take outside of Pittsburgh, while the passengers get out their fans and look longingly up at the ventilators overhead—a movement which the intelligent porter interprets as meaning that he should put more wood on the fire, which he accordingly does. And the juggling fiend opposite yells on, yells ever, making one feel what a mockery our civilization is, and realize that with Magna Charta, Trial by Jury, the freedom of the press, the Resolutions of '98, and the Constitution of the United States, we are still at the mercy of any and every baby. The accumulated wisdom of nineteen centuries nearly has not been able to suppress them. Alexander the Great must have felt his real insignificance when brought in contact with them; Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington could do nothing with them; the Vatican, Luther, Satan himself has never been a match for them. And so the cries of my irrepressible vis-à-vis go on, we all go on for an hour, and then the car-door bangs delightfully again for the fiftieth time, and my station is called out

in the unspellable and unrecognizable accents of the genuine railroad official.

As I rise the baby stops to get another breath—I have known one to last him from John o' Groat's house to Land's End, from Paris to Geneva, from New York to New Orleans, but still even he has to take in fresh supplies of atmospheric air occasionally—a triumphant sparkle in the iris of a yellow waste of eyeball said as plainly as possible, "I think I am even with you, if I am not mistaken," and I get away from its hateful neighborhood as fast as I can. It is a small station—*N'importe où*—and I am the only passenger that gets off, but it is evident that I am expected. Not only by the Squire, my host that is to be, who advances to meet me, and whose carriage is just around the corner, but by quite a crowd, consisting chiefly of sable tatterdemalions, who have apparently dropped everything to come and meet me, although it is high noon, when people who have their bread to get are not supposed to have much time to waste. It is a delicate attention to which one soon grows accustomed if one travels much in this part of the world, for the day never comes when any train rolling into any station does not find itself similarly welcomed. Houses may tumble down, roofs may rot off, fields may lie waste, workshops may close their doors if they choose, but Cuffy must and will see the trains come in, cost himself and the country what it may.

"*Il faut vivre*," says the utilitarian.

"*Je ne vois pas la necessité*," replies Cuffy, with the great wit. "Give me a hovel, a few tatters, somebody richer than myself to prey upon, and I am content. It must be a poor sort of fool that can't live without *working*."

"It is a black cloud in our skies, that," says the Squire, as we roll off, looking reflectively out of the window and sighing perplexedly. "It threatens to overcast the whole heaven in my opinion. It is a great problem, and it beats us. They think at the North that they know all about it. It's easy work playing others' games and managing other people's affairs, but I should like to see what they would make of it situated as we are."

He points out the improvements he is making on his property as we pass through a succession of broad fields, skirt pine forests that fill the air with a delicious, aromatic something, a general smell of Christmas, mingled with salty whiffs from the distant ocean—the wire-fencing that as a happy thought he has affixed to the young

firs that were planted for hedges; the neat balloon-ribbed cottages put up for his tenants.

"I have offered one of those, rent free, a good house, with a spring close by, and as much wood as may be wanted for fuel, to any industrious woman who will engage to be the laundress for my family—a family of two people—but you see it remains empty," says the Squire, and goes on to relate other things which show that the way of the large land-holder in some regions is hard, and that not for any transgressions of his own. Between the upper and nether millstones of the thriftless, shiftless poor white, with his false pride which leads him to show that he is "as good as any other man, and better, too," by refusing all work that he considers derogatory to his supposed dignity, and the idle black with his chronic indisposition to severe sustained labor, and his constitutional inability to see any radical difference between *meum* and *tuum*, the proprietor is pretty effectually crushed. An honest day's work for an honest day's wage is the novelty, not the rule of the agricultural season, and not to court absolute ruin, the land is let to irresponsibles of one or other class who scratch the surface of the soil "when needs must drives," and having done that, leave their ploughs to rot in the furrow, their spades and hoes to fall apart in fence-corners, their gates to drop off their hinges, their houses to tumble about their ears, while they sit over their stoves and complain of "hard times" for months at a stretch. When this last, most powerful appeal to the selfish instincts fails to a great extent—*que faire?* What would not the Scotch laborer, rising before even his northern sky is flushed with light, and working as long as it befriends him, the English mill-hand thankful to earn eighteen shillings a week by the sweat of his very soul, the French poor nobly struggling against debt and dependence from the cradle to the grave, the Swiss *paysanne* yoked to her husband's plough, side by side with his oxen, think of such opportunities? Ay! there is something rotten in Denmark, and the fault does not lie in the Sabine soil, the Sabine air. Meanwhile, as I have said, the lot of the proprietor, like that of the policeman, is not a happy one. To the ancient and inevitable anxieties of the situation about his corn, and wine, and oil—the seasons, when, as of old, "*oves periere furto, capellæ morbo, seges mentita spem, bos est enectus arando*"—are added strikes, labor unions, railroad monopolies and over-production, or whatever it is that gives him small return for large investments of time and hope and work, and the sum total is not encouraging.

But we are at the Squire's gates, and he is pointing out a group of noble oaks planted by his forebears in 1770, each member of the family planting one, the squire of that period, his English wife, and their children, two of them, gallant sons, who afterward became Revolutionary heroes,

> "Whose swords are rust, whose bodies dust,
> Whose souls are with the saints I trust,"

and whose trees remain to gladden the eyes of posterity.

If the man who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before is a benefactor of his species, how much greater is the debt of gratitude we owe to the man who gives even one beautiful oak to the world for a thousand years. Other monuments are always dear and often hideous, and rarely durable, and yet Tom Jones and John Smith go on erecting over themselves and their families tall shafts, and broken columns, and what not, piling up tons of granite and marble against the inevitable day when the earth will reclaim all again—the debt of nature with the interest which has accumulated.

Foolish children that we are, we insist on writing on that slate that we are "bland, passionate, and deeply religious and paint in water-colors, and are the *first* cousins of the Lady Catherine Jones" (*vide* a tomb in Westminster), and the mighty mother leaves it there for awhile to please us, and then crack! and a lichen or two to conceal the gap and keep up appearances, and then crack! crack! and a good deal of moss is needed, and finally crack! crack! crack! and down we slip into her lap and are covered over, and the world no longer knows how remarkable we were, or realizes that it can never hope to see the like again. But how have we got to the door of a vault when another one of oak swings easily outward, as southern doors are known to do? And what more heartening than the welcome that lies behind them, ready to well out the moment occasion demands in uncalculating, sincere, prodigal hospitality? There are those who charitably and civilly hint, that it is the "no small kindness" which St. Paul received from "the barbarous people" of Melita, who, poor things! knew so little of the world that they were ready to receive every one of the shipwrecked strangers cast upon their shores, and eagerly set to work to "kindle a fire" from the sacred flame of their domestic altar, which might warm all who had been exposed to the fury of the tempest. If this be so,

long may it be before the South is "civilized," before the beautiful old patriarchal welcome to all who may seek the shelter of our tents is exchanged for modern, conventional entertainment, or the sacred salt left out of the bread we offer the stranger and pilgrim. The Squire is no democrat, but his house, like that of most men of his class in the South (at least in regions remote from railways and hotels), is the refuge of all who need its shelter. Great is the amazement of the much-buffeted, weary, commercial Pariah, the book agent, the lightning-rod man, the travelling photographer, the "introducer" of this or that marvellous invention, to find himself taken in (instead of taking in), and hospitably entertained, if somewhat formally, instead of being sent off curtly to some town ten miles distant, or to Halifax for that matter. The boldest of them grows timid, the most irrepressible modestly conscious of certain social disadvantages when he finds himself at the same table with the family. He knows very well that he is sitting below the salt, although there is no outward and visible dais to mark the upper end of the dining-hall, or the chief seats. He declines strange-looking dishes and mysterious condiments, and helps himself nervously to the familiar dishes that befriend him in his hour of perplexity. There is not much talk, and what there is, is a kind of duet between him and the master of the house. The ladies of the family are rather silent, except when divining his needs they offer him such or such dishes, and this is generally done by the matron of the party, the girls, if there are any girls, being preternaturally solemn spectators of what is going on, and indulging in only an occasional monosyllable, while their risibles have to be rigidly repressed, lest some speech or action of the stranger should get them into trouble with papa and mamma. The "colored pusson" in attendance glowers like the Laird of Dumbiedykes at the "poor white trash" he is called upon to serve, and gives him what must be given only. After dinner, on the veranda, there is a little better understanding, at least they are all more *en rapport*. The master of the house talks of the crops and the elections. The stranger in his gates trims his sails and lets them catch the breezes that blow from that quarter. The ladies ask about the stranger's family. He is always married and generally has ten children, so that the subject lasts for some time, and soon, such is the power of delicate sympathy, they are being shown photographs of "the best wife" or "the smartest children that ever a man had," or both, and are hearing the simple annals of the distant family. The

master goes to sleep in the midst of the recital, taking his usual afternoon *siesta*. By tea-time, the stranger is enough at home to give his views of slavery, or Garfield's assassination, which, it is needless to say, are not strikingly original, and delivered with one eye on his host. That night he sleeps in a bed fit for the Lord Mayor of London, between cool linen sheets, his head pillowed on yielding down, his tired frame accommodating itself to its unaccustomed fleshly Paradise with rapturous ease. Next morning at prayers he behaves as well as St. Thomas à Kempis could do if he tried himself. Then comes breakfast, in the course of which the family hear a good deal about what he can eat and what always disagrees with him, and a little later he takes leave of them and expresses his sense of obligation by telling them that if they ever come to Pottsville, Pennsylvania—are ever "caught there," as he modestly puts it—he hopes they will come right up to his house, "his wife will be glad to see them, and will do all she knows how for them." And the ladies smile pleasantly *en masse*, and thank him and say that they will, although they know very well that if there is a thing more unlikely than that they should be in Pottsville at all, it is that they should do as he proposes. And as he is looking to the straps of his heavy pack the mistress, who knows that her husband has refused the day previous to buy the *Life of Silas B. Hitchcock* at any price, and has been arguing the question with herself all morning whether she can spare from her butter-money the sum requisite for its purchase, steps forward and says, "Before you put up those, I would like one of those books—that one," pointing at random to one.

But the stranger will not hear of this.

"That's not much of a book," he says. "But this *Life of Silas B. Hitchcock's*, etc., etc., etc."

The mistress yields long before he has given full vent to his professional enthusiasm.

"You can have it for just what it costs me, $1.75," says the stranger, anxious that she should be gratified. "It's selling like wild-fire. It's," etc., etc., etc. The mistress pays for it, and the stranger says, "Well! I declare, I feel mean to take it from you."

"Oh, no. You must not. It is very interesting, I am sure," says the mistress, regarding it rather ruefully.

"That's so," says the stranger, briskly. "You've got the worth of your money."

The pack is now strapped again. The stranger looks as though

he would like to shake hands if he dared, and at last shoulders his pack and ducks his head and says, "Well, good-bye." He is moving off, when one of the girls runs toward him with a beautiful bunch of June roses and says, "If you are going home to-day, won't you give that to your little boy—the sick one?" Whereupon the stranger's cheeks flush and his eyes glisten a little. "I will, I'm much obliged," he says, hastily, and trudges off; rather slowly, at first, for his thoughts are with Tom, the "boy," ten years stretched on a bed of pain, and then more briskly, $1.75 in his flabby purse, and in his heart a pleasant memory. "Well! it is a comfort to think that he has had a good night's rest, and a good breakfast, poor man," says the mistress, and walks in the house and puts *Silas B. Hitchcock* behind a row of books on the shelf, where the master finds it six months afterward, and says, "Hello! What's this? Who bought this?" and smiles when he finds that it was not from any interest in the life or work of that distinguished politician that his wife has made him her own, but because the stranger "looked so thin and careworn, and had a son with spinal disease," as she apologetically explains, adding, "I paid for it out of the butter-money."

"Oh, you did, did you? Henrietta, my dear, you are a humbug," says the master, with a look in his eyes that she knows how to interpret.

"I don't see, papa, why we are obliged to entertain that kind of people," says one of the modernized daughters, who has just returned from boarding-school.

"Well, I do, and that is enough," he replies. "My father used to say, 'Never shut your door in the face of anybody but a rascal and then bang it hard, and if you catch him in it so much the better.' And that is my rule."

Barbarous practices these truly. As I enter the Squire's door I get a welcome from his great-grandfather even, a handsome lad, hanging opposite. He doffs his large black velvet hat politely and displays a beautiful wig. His eyes are blue, his cheeks are rosy, his face as round and soft as a girl's at the first glance, after which a jaw of iron obtrudes itself more and more. He is dressed in gray velvet, has his dress-sword girded on the left thigh, and knows quite well that his hands are shapely, for one is thrown into high relief by his hat and the other is skilfully posed just above the hilt of his sword. There are other pictures in the room, very charming ones, and they all seem to say, "How do you do? I hope you find your-

self in the enjoyment of your usual health. May I ask how you like this century? For my part, I find it something frightful, and congratulate myself on being a decent shade." There is no time to hear more, for dinner waits, and when that is over lights are brought. Magazines and papers are lying about, but the Squire, who has been quoting Swift, and Shakspere, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague and Pope at table, now takes up the *Faerie Queen*, and reads *con amore*, the dedication and other favorite bits, and that not in a slovenly, unregardful way, but delightfully, giving to each word its proper pronunciation, and to every phrase the right turn, and to every point due emphasis.

This done, he gets down his commonplace-book to show me one or two things written by a local poet. Those who are a trifle weary of the wan, æsthetic maiden, with her "hot eyes," "wide brows," her "fierce love," chronic despair, and unutterable longings, may find something refreshing in this simple lyric:

THE COUNTRY LASSIE.

"She blossomed in the country,
Where sunny summer flings
Her rosy arms about the earth
And brightest blessings brings;
Health was her sole inheritance,
And grace her only dower.
I never dreamed the wild-wood
Contained so sweet a flower.

Far distant from the city,
And inland from the sea,
My lassie bloomed in goodness,
As pure as pure could be.
She caught her dewy freshness
From hill and mountain-bower.
I never dreamed the wild-wood
Contained so sweet a flower.

The rainbow must have lent her
Some of its airy grace.
The wild-rose parted with a blush
That nestled on her face.
The sunbeam got entangled in
The long waves of her hair,
Or she had never grown to be
So modest and so fair.

The early birds have taught her
Their joyous matin-song
And some of their soft innocence–
She's been with them so long.
And for her now, if need be,
I'd part with wealth and power.
I never dreamed the wild-wood
Contained so sweet a flower."

Innocent, happy, good little maid! May our wives and mothers be of this stuff, let who will write Swinburnian nonsense! You have not a foot (poetically speaking) left to stand on; but although serpents are much *à la mode* just now, doves and dove-cotes have not perished out of the land, nor ever will, please Heaven! Certainly not while country lassies continue to be as pretty as you are, my dear!

The Squire puts the book away, and falls into conversation. He is a disciple of Carlyle, and that amorphous, thunderous sage has sent him a picture of himself taken evidently in one of his worst fits of dyspepsia when Jenny would gladly perhaps have exchanged her Titan for a Toots or a Guppy. The ceaseless, selfish plaints of that saturnine creature must often have sickened a heart which had its own bitterness and plague-spot. Poor "Goody!" As I look at those gloomy eyes and that furrowed brow, I think mournfully of all thy labors, shifts, devices, womanly wiles; of thy bright vivacity and charming personality—wasted forces all, that would have blessed and brightened some other life—vainly used in an effort to keep that great baby, thy husband, "soothed," "comfortable," "in a tolerable humor," "fit to do the work that must be done." Like thy namesake, Lady Jane Grey, "thou couldst not be unmanned, no! nor outwomaned either;" but what a path of grieving thorns and pricking briers was thine! I trust thy poor head has ceased to ache, and that if thy perverse spouse is still lamenting and "wae-menting" in Jeremiah's bosom, that thou, at least, canst no longer hear his peevish wail, and art at rest. The Italian inscription, of which Byron speaks, on the tomb of Lucrezia Pacini, at Ravenna, "*Implora eterna quiete*," should be put above thee also.

The Squire will hear no dispraise of his Chelsean hero, with whom he is in entire mental accord. Like him he would not give a fig for that roc's egg laid with so much cackling, "the civilization of the age," and takes issue boldly with "the spirit of the age" in the most delightful way. He talks as well as he reads, and, I promise

you, makes out a good case for his client. "Let us have universal education by all means," he says, "but let it be of the right sort. What is the object of education if it is not to fit people for the life they are to lead; the work they are to do? Now here is a sentimental idiot who comes down here and thinks he is doing a charitable act in founding a school where colored girls can be taught music, and dancing, and painting, and drawing, and Italian, and German, and French, and *belles lettres*. Not an industrial school, if you please, where they could be taught to become good laundresses, seamstresses, cooks, maids, good *anything* that is likely to help them to gain an honest, decent livelihood. They are all poor; they have all got to get a living somehow, and, of course, it is of the first importance to themselves and the country that they should become useful and respectable citizens. They dislike the idea of going into service, already having grown up with the idea that it is beneath them, and having received no training for it, taking it up as a *pis aller* when everything else fails. They are naturally delighted with the "higher education" plan, which they conceive to be in the line of advancement. But is it? They leave that school and go back to hovels in the country, or crowded tenement-houses in the city, and what have they gained? There is no piano for them to strum on, and their accomplishments do not clothe or feed them. They have got ideas and tastes that only make them more wretched in their miserable surroundings, and feel more than ever that it is a degradation to do the only work that is open to them. Is that education? Is it common-sense? And what is the result? Why, that they swell the ranks of the idle, and the idle soon become the vicious, and then where is the future of the race? Is it the same thing with the colored men who graduate at the universities? They can't all be teachers and preachers, the shining goals of all their hopes. They won't go back to the old work of hoeing and sowing and ditching and reaping, and so they too become idle, profligate, corrupt and corrupting, and very often take their last degree in the penitentiary. What trades, what professions are open to university men of color, pray? They can be barbers, porters on the Pullman palace-cars, waiters, and the like, but if they are to be that, surely a great deal of time and money has been wasted on their 'education' (so-called). O! I know I am talking treason. I know that a Southerner's testimony is always challenged and generally ruled out on this question. But I know also that you can't stand a pyramid

up on its apex *long*. And the worst of it is that it affects the poorer class of whites who are getting ambitious wrong-side-foremost too, and don't want to do the work that "even the negroes are above doing." And the respectable, intelligent, property-holding, hard-working classes of the South have to carry the pair. Call me a pessimist if you will, but what I say is true enough to be gospel."

Yes, the Squire makes out a good case for authority and wise restraint; for plain living, and honest dealing, and intelligent voting; for the sentiments of contentment and fidelity to obligation; for the days and ways that were upright before men sought out so many inventions. He believes in that moral law of gravitation which has a place for everybody and keeps everybody in that place, and distrusts a system in which every man is discontented with the place in which God has put him and the work that has been given him to do faithfully. The mechanic intent on making his son a lawyer, the farmer's wife bent on becoming a fine lady, the cook who spends the greater part of her wages in taking music and French lessons with no thought of domestic harmony or *petits plats*, the ignorant African, Irish, German, or American citizen, whose vote counts for as much as that of a Webster or Clay, although he may be the greatest vagabond in the community, is an abomination to him. He quotes Horace, he quotes Shakspere, he would convince the reddest republican that ever raved of liberty, fraternity, equality. And O! ancient and ever-pertinent inquiry "What is truth?" Is it a mad world, my masters? Are the times out of joint? Or is there a social millennium around the corner in which the scullion and the duchess shall sit down together; a religious millennium in which all men shall be selfless humanitarians, angelic Agnostics, Socratian saints as faultless as creedless; a political millennium in which none shall govern except the good, the wise? *Quien sabe?*

II.

At last the subject is dropped red-hot, and the Squire, rising, goes across the room, unlocks a drawer, and brings out a despatch box which he places on the table.

"Here are some papers that will interest you," he says, and opening the lid discloses package after package as yellow as the gold of Guinea, the patched, tattered, priceless records of his family for generations, or rather what time, and wars, and fire, and flood have left of them. Straightway unmindful of all social claims upon my

attention I dive into that despatch box, disappear in it indeed. And what do I find? First a bundle of old deeds to which I am attracted by the cork pendants dangling from them stamped with the royal seal. In the first one, "George, etc., to all, etc., Know ye that for divers good causes and considerations but more especially for and in consideration of £120 good and lawful money for our use paid to our Receivers General of our Revenue in this our Colony & Dominion of Virginia, we have given, granted, and confirmed to —— gentleman, one certain tract, or parcel of 24,000 acres kings' land." A bargain, that, one would think, and "our trusty and well-beloved" governor was called upon to witness it, July 20, 1722.

In the second the same gentleman is even more fortunate, for upon the one sole consideration of paying "one Ear of Corne in and upon the Feast of Xmas" he gets another large "parcell of land, with the gardens, houses, buildings, feedings, woods, waters, water-courses, basements, profits, commodities, advantages, emoluments, hereditaments & appurtenances," the date of the transaction being 1718.

The next grant is made in "the 15th year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord George the II, by the grace of God of Great Britain, France & Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc.," and this time a gentleman of the same name is required to pay the ruinous rent of "one Pepper Corn on Lady Day." I glance at all the deeds now and find that there are thirty-two of them, running back from George the III. of Thackerayian memory through the other Georges, "our Soveraigne Lady Queen Anne" and Charles II. to the fourth year of the Protectorate, when a pious Puritan governor and captain-general "sends greeting in our Lord God everlasting" and "by authority of Parliament & with the consent of the Council" proceeds to give away a very respectable principality, in the reckless fashion of the age.

"Yes," says the Squire, replacing them, "it is a long while back isn't it? That would be thought a respectable length of tenure even in England, wouldn't it? Our people made the first settlement in the county down below here on the river, and here they have been ever since. I suppose there are not many such instances of successive proprietorship in the country. What a rich, what a delightful fellow I should be if we had kept all that. But——" He stops, and I fill in the melancholy hiatus. The three Hs'—horses, hounds, and hospitality, to say nothing of—— Ah! here it is—one of the Lon-

don factor's letters—"three horses shipped, got from the best stud in England, pedigrees enclosed;" and this other apparently insignificant item "gafflets for cocks three shillings and sixpence." Date 1754; these tell the story and show how the principality got into the melting-pot and came out a modest estate of 2,000 acres. The factor says "*Blooded* horses (Americanism!) are very much advanced; nothing less than from 300 to 1,400 guineas, which is what Mr. Fenwick refused for his 'Dutchess,' being asked for those of High Form, even untried Colts if they have any likeliness for running will sell from 4 to 600 Pounds and for 2 of these Mydas and Cricket notwithstanding they are broken down 150 and 200 guineas have been refused. Your horse 'Sober John' comes from the Partner's blood crossed with Crab which is esteemed as high a Pedigree as most, and his Performance will bear an Examination having won 2 fiftys at 5 years old, and three fiftys this year, and very improvable for winning next year. You may depend on his coming through his course well which his last running at Hounston will testify where I was to see him when you will observe he pushed Lady Thigh (which is looked upon as a fine mare for running having won 6 or 7 purses this season) extreamely hard which in my opinion shows him to be a good-bottomed horse. Many People are of opinion he will beat Valiant 4 mile Heats whilst others would not be fond of the Bett. As you desired me to get a Groom I have procured one of the best in England, who lived many years with Sir Edw[d] O'Brien a great racer and several Noblemen and has had some of our Prime Horses under his care having rode with great credit at Newmarket and is well acquainted with this and most other horses in the Racing Way. We agreed he should have 15 guineas for his care of the horses over, besides his Passage being paid for both out and home unless you chuse to keep him when you are to pay him 40 sterling a year which was his Wages in Employ here; he had very strong Recommendations of his Ability both as a feeder and rider. With complyments to your Lady and family I am sir your most obliged humble servant." It proved an unlucky change of residence for this accomplished jockey, for he was killed by a fall from his horse the following year as is shown by this letter from his wife, Mary Harriman:

"Hon[d] Sir

"My late Husband Isaac Harriman was about two years ago recommended to your Honour to act as Groom in your Honour's ffamily in which Employment he continued till the time of his death of which I have not received Notice till within

these few days past. I have strugled very much for support without the least Assistance from my said Husband. . . . I have been informed that through your Honour's bounty he had during his stay with you reserved money and had by him other Effects which tho' few perhaps will be of great service to my Necessitous Circumstances. I am influenced by favourable accounts of your Honour's goodness to give you this trouble not doubting but thro' your kind Aid I shall have remitted to me w^t^ my said Husband died possessed off which will greatly relieve the distress I now Labour under. With the greatest submission I beg you will order me an answer by Letter directed for me at M^rs^ Storidge's, in Brooks Market, London, which will be great satisfaction to this Disconsolate Widow, your humble servant."

It is a little late to form any opinion on the subject, but it seems to me that if ever there was a *cat*, Mary Harriman, with her buttery appeals to "your Honour" and "your Honour's goodness," was that cat. She was a Gretchen Van Winkle, depend upon it, and poor Isaac, who could manage a horse well enough, was no match for a virago and fled to the wilds of America. Anybody can see that. The Fred Archer of his day has always been a great personage in England, and is it to be supposed that he would give up the *belle carrière* in which he had already won laurels, and turned his back on Newmarket unless there had been a termagant at his fireside? For my part I hope she didn't get a farthing from his "Effects," and married again, *a very different man*, and was served out properly. But to return, everything seems to have been got out from England, from "the stay-laces" to "the Aristophanes so long ordered," and, as this bill of lading shows, some of them were "Shipped by the grace of God in good order and well-conditioned by Wm. Anderson & Co. in and upon the good ship called the 'Planter' whereof is master under God Wm. Arthur, and now riding at Anchor in the River Thames, and by God's grace bound for Virginia. . . . And so God send the Good Ship to her desired port in safety. London, March 3^rd^, 1790."

Surely this is parchment? Yes, a commission "to be Lieutenant of the County of ——— and Chief Commander of all his Majesty's militia with authority to command, Levy, Arm and Muster all Persons which are liable to be levied and listed in the said County, . . . to resist and subdue in Case of any Disturbance or Invasion, the Enemy. Given in the 26th year of his Majesty's reign. *Annoque Domini* 1752." His Majesty's militia were not able to resist and subdue his enemies long, alas! When any man or sovereign's foes are those of his own household, we all know what happens. And so it follows that after reading this oath of allegiance "I ———

swear to be true to our Soverign Lord King George and to serve him honestly and faithfully in Defence of his Person Crown and Dignity against all his Enemies and oppressors whatsoever: and to observe and obey his Majesty's orders and the orders of the generals and officers set over me by his Majesty, so help me etc., etc." The very next thing we hear of these loyal and gallant militiamen is this: "Return of —— Militia in Winchester the day we were discharged by Coll. Washington

Field Officers	4	19 days pay @ 10/	£	35			Coll^{e}			2
Lieutenants	5	" " " @ 5/		23	15	0	Cornets			5
Captains	5	" " " @ 10/		47	10	0	Lieut^{ts}			5
Ensigns	5	" " " @ 5/		19			Ensign			5
Sergeants	8	" " " @ ¼/		10	2	8	Serg^{ts}			8
Corporals	8	" " " @ ¼/		10	2	8	Corporals			8
Drummer	1	" " " @ ½/		1	3	2	Drummer			1
Surgeon	1	" " " @ 10/		9	10	0	A Clerk			
Clerk	1	" " " @ 5/		4	15	0	Rank and file men			167
Rank and file	167	" " " @ 1/		158	13	0	Majors			2
										204

Allowed by Coll Washington
19 days pay."

The proportion of officers to men seems a trifle liberal, but they seemed to have economized on the band, in order, doubtless, to give the officers good salaries, which looks as though they liked the display. Their idea may have been to gradually become all officers, like Artemus Ward's famous regiment in which every man was to be a brigadier-general. And nothing is said of the tinker almost invariably attached to such commands, although he was an important functionary who, to his regular profession, added that of dentistry, or rather tooth-carpentering. One of the tribe, it is said, put a set of imitation ivory *in the mouth of the Fa——r of his Co——ry!* [I wish to print this in a whisper.] Hence, the difference in his portraits which is so noticeable, that it is almost as hard for us to know the real Washington as it ever could have been for him to have known himself. Supposing the operator to have been a *Tory* tinker, what a vengeance he could have wreaked upon the head and front of our offending! I can fancy that great man, calm and majestic, even under these trying circumstances, and quite able to preserve his "Dignity" unlike that "sovereign Lord, King George," without anybody's assistance. What a gentleman Houdin has petrified rather than sculptured. What stateliness, what serenity, what

fine self-command, self-abnegation! Ask Aristides, grand old ghost, whether thou couldst be elected President of these United States now, wert thou thrice a Washington and the campaign papers got hold of the hideous fact that thou didst wear *silk stockings.*

But it is not Republics alone that are ungrateful, witness this dingy scrap of paper:

"1756 The Cuntry to Thos. Riddle——Dr.
for being in his Majestie's service 55 days £2. 15*s.*
Six days coming home . . . 5

£3—1*s.*
Cr by Capt. Woodford 1—

2—1

Sr please to pay the Above Acct to Chas Strong and his receipt shall be a discharge from Sr your humble Servt
Thos Riddle"

It appears by the endorsement, that the "Cuntry" disputed this exorbitant bill, and thinking Thomas, perhaps, dear at any price, only paid for 37 days' service £1 17*s.*, and that not until 1758. Or is this another instance of the truth of the aphorism that "the soldier who has laurels on his brows is always left to browse on his laurels," and Thomas, trusty and loyal, one of the noble army of military martyrs of whom the "Cuntry" knows nothing? Well, it does not matter now. Time settles so many scores. Talking of scores, here is an archery programme for 1771, giving the costume of the club which deserves to be imitated; a stag-club; velvet knickerbockers, Lincoln green coat ending just above the knee, a sash knotted carelessly about the waist, and as to the extremities, stockings and low-quartered shoes, a jockey cap; in the right hand the cross-bow of old England, in the left an arrow clasped gracefully by a gauntleted hand, the quiver suspended across the chest and falling under the right arm. List of names embracing a dozen men. I'll warrant you thought yourself a handsome dog and a good archer, "Mr. Watkins," when you put that cap on in front of your glass that July morning, and saw how well it became you. I should like, uncommonly, "Mr. Leigh" and "Mr. Crosbie," to see you pitted against our Maurice Thompson at a hundred yards or more. Gone all of you, thanks to the champion of the universe who hits the bull's eye every time. God rest you, merry gentlemen!

In this letter from a member of the family in London is first

seen the cloud no bigger than a man's hand that was to overspread the whole heavens.

"London, July 6th 1772.

The honble Peyton Randolph
Robert Carter Nicholas
Dudley Digges Esquires

GENTLEMEN,

I have within these few days been honored with your letter of the 6th of April & thank you for the confidence you are pleased to repose in me. In consequence of the subject matter recited therein I have procured & sent you under favour of my worthy friend Mr. Benjamin Harrison the Act of Parliament for preserving his Majesty's Dock-yards magazines ships etc., also the journals of the House of Commons from the period of time you mention as far as can at present be had which shall be continued, & you may be assured I will be dilligent in my inquiries after all other Acts or Resolutions of Parliament, or proceedings of Administration lately passed or entered into, or which may hereafter take place, that may in any degree affect any of the Colonies of America, & like a faithful watchman acquaint you therewith. Our present Parliament who are just prorogued have made such strides toward despotisms for some time past with respect to the East India Company as well as America that we have too much reason to dread bad consequences from such proceedings. Some of my friends in the India Direction tell me that they have thoughts of sending a quantity of Tea to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Virginia & South Carolina which Government seems to approve, but they suspect their motives are to make a cat's paw of the Company & force them to establish the 3*d* per lb. American duty. I advised the gentleman not to think of sending their Tea till govt took off the duty, as they might be well assured it would not be received on any other terms. What their resolution will be time only will discover. When anything worthy your notice offers, I shall take the liberty of advising you again. At present I remain, with great respect gentlemen.

Your very obedient servant

_____."

Time discovered a great deal that was interesting in this connection and we have next a letter from the London factor dated March 6, 1776, that tells of the tempest still in the course of brewing from that famous brand of gunpowder tea. He says in conclusion:

"I hope I may venture to congratulate you on the repeal of the Stamp Act; it has passed the house of Commons and is now in the Lords where I don't doubt it will likewise pass. I hope such an act will never be attempted again; it has always been my opinion that we have no right to tax you, tho' we have many here against me. I heartily wish that all that has passed between mother and children may be buried in oblivion and I am Sir, your most humble & Obdt Samuel Waterman."

Wise in his day was this sensible Samuel, and if he had been at the helm of State the royal standard would now, perhaps, be floating from

the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the lakes to the gulf, to use a favorite political "gag." And now the thunderbolt has fallen. Letters! Letters! Letters! From this gentleman complimenting the "Patriots," and saying that his health requires him to slip off to England at once. From some old square-toes disinheriting his son for enlisting as "a Private Soldier." From some financial victim declining to take any more loan office certificates that can't be negotiated. From officers clamoring for horses and accoutrements, and abusing the Board of War for cutting down requisitions "approved by Col. Washington" for "mail-pillions, valeases, strops, curry-combs," and what not. From contractors demanding their money and refusing to do anything on credit. From friends giving reams of advice as to the way the war *ought* to be conducted. From relatives saying that a rascally servant ordered to join his master in camp has made off for parts unknown with all that had been intrusted to him, and giving the home-news. From clerks telling that "the small-pox has broke out in the Regiment, and Doctor Wallis is in need of medicine." Wild demands for carbines, pistols, swords. Complaints of young officers who give fancy prices for their war-steeds and spoil the dealers. A resignation from a gentleman who is to be married in a few days—evidently an outrageous flirt, for he says that he has been abused for not complying with his "engagements with the fair sex," and evidently knows that he is irresistible —a cruncher of young women's bones—but can't help it, *sauve qui peut!* From soldiers wanting to be cornets, from cornets wanting to be captains, from captains wanting to be majors—and all for the sake of the country. "Accompts signed by the Marquiss" not paid. The *French Legion* to possess the horses and accoutrements taken from the enemy forsooth, unless his Excellency will interpose! Complaints of Congress, complaints of everything and everybody. No money. Ha! "the French cavalry has got Tarletan's Horse!" Fears for the safety of everybody. Is there a defeat? There are none so stupid as not to have foreseen it. Is there a victory? It surprises no one. Dragoons carrying despatches. Soldiers volunteering or deserting. Young ladies working, mothers weeping. Meetings, greetings, partings. Weak souls defeated before they are attacked. Brave souls victorious when most defeated. One can see it all as in a mirror. And then victory, joy-peals, *Te Deums!* Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Shame on you sneaks and cheats, cowards and croakers! We are no longer colonies. We are thirteen, free,

independent, United States! Good-bye, your Majesty, and another time don't be such an obstinate idiot. Farewell, dear old mother England! With all thy faults we love thee still. Only when next you lay your children across your knee with the intention of using your slipper on them, be sure that it is they who are in fault, and not you.

"What would Carlyle say to this?" said the 'Squire, reading aloud the

"Maneuvres for July 4th—1782.

1st The Army will be drawn up in the following order.
The Cavalry and light troops form the front line.
park of Artillery in the Centor.
The N. Carolina, Maryland, and Pennsya Brigades form the rear line.

2d *Review of Parade.* The Batallions will be drawn up in open order & the —— posted agreeable to the regulations Chapter 25th. The General will ride along front & will be saluted by the different Corps in succession, the music striking up the *French Grenadier March.*

3d A Ruffle from the Field drums as a caution. The preparative from the same, upon which *thirteen rounds* will be fired from the Park in honor of *American Independence.* The first part of the General from the field drums as a signal for the Artillery firing to cease.

4th A Ruffle from the Field Drums as a Caution. The preparative from the same upon which rounds will be fired from the park in Honor of the Birth of the *Dauphin of France.* The first part of the General from the Field Drums as a signal for the Artillery firing to cease.

5th A ruffle from the field-drums as a Caution. The preparative from the same, upon which the *first round of feu de joy firing* will commence & run through the line. The first part of the General from the Field Drums as a signal for the *feu de joy* firing to cease.

6th A ruffle from the field drums as a Caution. The preparative from the same, upon which the *second round of feu de joy firing* will commence & run through the line. The first part of the General from the field drums as a signal for the *feu de joy* firing to cease.

7th A ruffle from the field drums as a Caution. The preparative from the same, upon which the *third round of feu de joy firing* will commence & run through the line. The first part of the General from the field-drums as a signal for the feu de joy firing to cease.

8th *Ruffle* as a Caution for the *Wheelings* from the said drums.
Flam from the same on which the whole wheel to the right by platoons.

Flam from the same as a signal for the Cavalry to move, at the same instant the Battallion drums strike up a march & the whole step off together saluting the General on the *March.*

Jos. Harmar, Lt. Col. D. A. G."

Ay! here it is in sharpest contrast—the birth-death of Bourbonism, feudalism, slavery the death-birth of Democracy, liberty, freedom. The new centuries saluting the old. The "Gates, Lees, rough Yankee Generals with woollen night-caps under their hats presenting arms to the chivalry of France"—those "gold-mantled Figures walking still in black velvet cloaks, in high-plumed bonnets of feudal cut." Pathetic image this of the child still lying in its soft warm nest "within the royal tapestries," that brilliant world of the beautiful young Queen-mother with her "baths, boudoirs, peignoirs, Little and Grand Toilette, masquerades, theatricals, *Fêtes des Mœurs*," and all the other heart-breaking follies of a court intent only on "dancing its life-minuet over bottomless abysses divided from it by a film."

The smoke and blaze of cannon is surely a fitting welcome for this little son of Saint Louis, over whose innocent head the artillery of Heaven is already thundering ominously, while its lightnings reveal in fitful flashes a wide plain and the path across it which his race has been travelling for twelve hundred years, and stabs the darkness that still veils its frightful goal.

FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

(*Conclusion in the next number.*)

AN EPISODE.

I.

"My dear fellow, there is not a doubt that the Liberals will win. The party has been fooling about this Egyptian question, and of course the country likes a chance to grumble; but we have worked like niggers, and we shall have our reward!"

"If work will do it, we ought to win. We have not spared ourselves."

"You have not; you have overdone it altogether. Never mind; you have twenty pounds in your pocket, and a fortnight to spend it in. Take your fill of country air, since you like the product, and make your mind easy. We have the plum of equality on our side. It was a lucky phrase of yours that, and for attracting the manufacturing masses; they won't easily beat what it represents. Equality! Why, it's naturally what every rising man looks to for his prize, and it's the rising men who make a party. The 'plum of equality.' Hullo! you are off. Well, good-bye; take care of yourself, and don't look at a paper till you come back."

The train was moving out of the station. The last words which fell on the ear of the young man thus addressed were the "plum of equality." He was a big man, with broad shoulders and limbs capable of sustaining, it might have been supposed, a more than ordinary share of fatigue. But his hands were too white, his movements too languid, his clothes hung too loosely upon him for any intelligent observer to escape the impression that he was suffering from the universal malady of overstrain, with its accompanying depression of vitality.

"The 'plum of equality,'" he presently soliloquized aloud. "I wish I knew how much my father means of it all. I'd do the dirty work with pleasure, since dirty work has to be done, provided that we believe in what we are working for. But if it's all only to make a figure for yourself and to be on the winning side, then politics are a beastly career for an English gentleman." His eyes lit now and flashed out a generous young scorn.

"How can a man with three footmen believe in equality? How

can I believe in it if I travel first-class, and wear Poole's clothes, and have money to jingle in my pocket, while my brother-men in the other end of the train have none? And if I don't believe in it, how can I honestly work for it?"

"Bah!" he exclaimed. "Hang politics for the present. I have just sense enough left to know that I am overworked, and incapable of making a sane judgment in my actual condition. When I have oxygenated my blood by some of this pure country air, my ideas on the subject of equality will be clearer. How about my sketch-book? It is a jolly thing to have money in your pocket and time before you, and no restraint but your own will!"

So jolly was the prospect thus called up that for the next half hour he appeared to find ample satisfaction in whistling over an examination of the drawing materials which one of his bags contained. An attempt to make a slight sketch from one of the windows of the train was hardly successful. Then, as the fresh air and the motion did their work, he fell soundly and prosaically asleep in his corner.

He was wakened by the sound of a porter's voice: "Train goes no further, sir! Is this your station?"

"Station? I don't know. Where are we?"

"Beech Hill!"

"I never heard of it in my life, but it will do as well as anywhere else."

The porter was an old man, and he smiled benignantly.

"It's not much of a place for a young gentleman like you to amuse himself in. Unless"—as his eye fell on the drawing materials scattered upon the seat—"you are one of them artists. They lodge about in the cottages, and I've heard 'em tell that the old place is wonderful pretty; but I can't say as I see much in it myself."

"It will do. I suppose there's some sort of hotel?"

"There's a public a couple of miles along the road. I don't know if you'd like it. It isn't not to say over-particular clean."

"I should not like it. Where are those cottages that the artists lodge in?"

"Well, there's not a great many, but there's a farm now up in the woods where I believe they'd take a lodger. They're very respectable, clean folk."

"All right! Keep the luggage till I send for it."

The young man had soon left the station, and was pacing the

soft, red earth of a woodland road which led upwards under the beeches.

He had purposely omitted to ask for any directions, and his inclination alone guided his footsteps. There had been rain in the morning, and the air was sweet with the keen purity of spring. Honey-scented buds were everywhere opening to the sun. In the trees there were gentle sounds of humming and twittering, which fell like music on the ear of the tired young Londoner. Glade after glade opened before him. The green light, tempered by silver gleams from the beech trunks, fell still upon unfrequented woodland paths. Sometimes a squirrel kept him company, leaping from bough to bough overhead. Sometimes a startled rabbit rustled the dry undergrowth close by and around the path with hurried scamper some few yards ahead, but he met no creature of his own kind.

The solitude had had time to become most oppressive, but perceptible enough for the young man to wonder faintly when and how it would end, when he came by a deserted saw-mill to a cleared space and a meeting of the ways. Over the cleared space grew a herbage of bright green, juicy grass, and, as he looked down one of the ways, he saw approach him a leisurely train of brindled cows. The road by which they came led upward from the valley; behind them where the road dropped out of sight there was a background of blue distance. The color of the scene caused him to bethink himself of his sketch-book. He drew it from his pocket, but somehow the picture would not compose. He shifted his position in order to get another view, and, instead of another view, he found another subject.

In a hollow just over the dip of the road there was a copse of ash-trees, and underneath their broken canopy the rays creeping down the black and silver stems fell upon a carpet of primroses and a primrose gatherer—a pale, blue figure bending over the flowers, and piling them in her up-gathered apron.

A tree stump close at hand gave him a seat. He had soon made a slight sketch, and as the figure was that part of the picture which was least likely to remain for him to study, he gave it his chief attention. Thus he discovered that his primrose-gatherer was young, and that her movements were active and graceful. She was thoughtful, too, or so it pleased him to imagine, for she paused more than once in her occupation, and each time she re-

turned, as by instinct, to the same attitude—one hand raised against the trunk of an ash-tree, her head bent a little towards the flowers—the attitude in which he decided to sketch her. He had been unusually successful in the disposition of his lines, and was busy with colors before she became aware of his presence. He saw her face for the first time when she looked up and perceived him. She smiled kindly. He smiled back again, and called to her to ask if she would stand yet a moment where she was.

She stood till he said, "Thank you; now I have what I wanted." Then, with her apron full of primroses, she came out of the copse, and prepared to follow the cows up the road.

In order to do so, she had to pass him. He half expected that she would come and look at the sketch, but with quiet unconcern she was going by on the other side, when he rose and asked if she would care to see what he had drawn.

He saw her face again as she turned it towards him. It was kind, rather than pretty, yet pleasant to look at, fresh, rather sunburnt, perfectly healthy, and softly shaded by her wayward brown hair. There was something in the broad forehead and clear eyes which reminded him of the gentle benignity of her cows.

"Thank you," she said. "Are you making a picture?" Her voice was full and quiet, and sweet, still in it the same unconcern.

He put the sketch-book in her hands, and smiled as he watched the color mount.

"Why! It's me."

"For what else did you suppose that I asked you to stand?"

"I did not suppose at all. I only thought that I could oblige you."

He had finished all that he meant to do. He was washing his brushes.

"You would oblige me again, a great deal, if you could tell me anything of a farm somewhere in this wood where they let lodgings."

"I can easily do that." And this time there was all the pleasure of hospitality in her smile. "It must be my father's. We live just up here a little way, and last summer we had a lodger."

"Do you know if your father would take a lodger, now?"

"I think so. We made the rooms ready last week. But——"

"But—what?"

She had paused as if stricken suddenly by a thought, and yet find-

ing a little difficulty to express it. Now she commenced with the same grave candor which characterized the rest of her speech.

"Father is very particular. He won't take every one."

"May I ask him if he will take me? My name is Winthrop Rysdale. My father is a member of Parliament, and I am my father's private secretary. I have been working too hard of late. My father has sent me to take a fortnight's rest in the country, and I think I should like this place."

Her eyes were fixed quietly upon him while he spoke.

"I think my father will take you. Shall I show you the way?"

"If you will be so good. It is very kind of you. Should you mind telling me your name. I should like to write it here under the sketch."

"Joan. Joan Edson."

II.

AFTER a few minutes they came out into a space of pines, and as Winthrop looked down through the shade, he saw below him on the edge of the wood an old mossed farm-house set in blossoming fruit trees. Before the door, the woods drew back, leaving a front garden. A path led between flower borders to the storm porch of the house.

The door stood open, and in the stillness of the pine woods they could hear the household sounds.

Presently a woman's voice inquired:

"Are the cows here, Jack?"

And gruffer tones replied from the farm-yard:

"Yes, but Joan has not come back."

"She's late." And then the figure of a middle-aged woman came to the door.

"Jenny!" she called. "Are you anywhere near at hand."

"Yes, mother!" The girl ran down the slope. "I'm here. And I have brought a gentleman who would like our rooms for a fortnight, if father will let him have them."

The mother shaded her eyes with her hand, and looked up into the wood, scanning Winthrop's figure as he approached. She waited for him under the porch. But the journey of the earlier part of the day and the long walk had told upon him, and when he reached the door he was aware of a sudden weakness which forced him to ask very feebly if he might sit down. His face was white enough to enlist the sympathies of two kind-hearted women.

"Come in, sir, come in!" the elder said. "I am sure you are very

welcome. Joan, wheel the chair round to the window where he'll get the air. There, sit down, just so, sir, and don't say a word. You'll be feeling better in a minute."

"There!" Mrs. Edson repeated, as she saw the color return to his cheeks. "A little drop of Burnet wine, now, Joan, and he'll be all right."

Winthrop protested that he was already all right, he wanted nothing but the comfort of the arm-chair. Nevertheless, while Mrs. Edson manipulated the curtains of the deep-latticed window in such a way that the sun should beat on every part of him but his head, Joan fetched a tiny glass of some dull gold-colored liquid and he swallowed the dose in faith.

"If that doesn't do me good," he said, "I don't know what will. I feel the effects of it tingling through every limb."

And with this speech he did more to establish his reputation for good sense in the eyes of the mistress of the farm than he could have obtained by many deeds. For a young Londoner to recognize in a moment the true qualities of her wine was a gratifying instance of its virtue. She smiled upon him with that sort of gratitude which old people give to the young who still respect ideas which were once in vogue.

"Jack will want you in the dairy, Joan," she said; and Joan went away. After a minute or two she also went, leaving Winthrop to rest himself quietly in his chair.

The room in which he sat was a large, cool parlor: at one end a wide chimney, in which a fire of wood was laid, although not alight; at the other, the window where he sat. The walls were wainscoted in wood, the floor and the furniture were of oak, which shone with the homely polish of well-rubbed beeswax. Here and there a home-made rug testified to the careful saving of the scraps of years. On shelves above the chimney-board, across the whole width of the room, there gleamed resplendent in the dimness of the corner a complete and speckless pewter dinner service.

Through the open window he could hear Joan's voice from time to time, giving a direction in the farm-yard. It came to him with a scent of wallflowers, and had a pleasant ring in it of the fresh, young spring outside.

After awhile another voice mixed with it, and then Mrs. Edson's joined. The afternoon's work was finished, apparently. All three speakers stood in the porch.

"He made such a pretty picture, mother! Do you think father will let him the rooms?"

"Poor young man," Mrs. Edson answered. "It quite took my breath when I saw him tumble. I'd like to have him here for a week or two. We'd take good care of him, Jenny, and send him away quite set up."

"What was the picture he made?" asked the gruffer and stranger voice.

"Well, it was me!" Joan laughed. "But I didn't mean to say that I was the pretty part of it. It was down in the oak-copse, where I was getting primroses, and you could hardly believe how it looked."

"It's my opinion," the same voice replied, "that he's a great deal too young to be philandering about here with his pictures; and I don't believe your father'll take him. He won't if he asks what I think."

It is presumable that Winthrop's delicacy of sentiment was suffering from the same dulness as his other faculties, for he had not felt himself at all bound to move out of ear-shot, even when made aware that he was the subject of conversation. He was also presumably recovering his strength, for he was now conscious of a distinct desire to see and to punch the head of the last speaker. The laziness which had made it impossible for him to walk to the other end of the room did not prevent him from rising and craning his head into every position in which it was at all conceivable that he might secure a glimpse into the porch, but he was unsuccessful. He was soothed into taking his seat again by hearing Joan reply, gayly:

"Think! Why, you foolish fellow, you have always said that you don't think at all! And in this case I am sure you can't, because you haven't seen him yet."

"Yes, I have; I saw you bringing him in."

This advantage which the unknown had over him stirred Winthrop to fresh endeavors. But they were as vain as the first; and he had only just sat down, with a very combative determination to lodge in that house, and no other in England, for the ensuing fortnight, if any effort of his own could compass that end, when Joan again entered the room.

"It is getting late," she said, "and I am going to set the tea. Father will soon be home now."

Winthrop felt constrained to ask if he were in the way.

"Not at all," she replied, and began to move about her household tasks.

There was indeed space in the big room for two. When she set a match to the fire, and stood for a moment in the light of the sudden blaze to see if all was burning as it should, Winthrop felt as though he were looking at her from some distant point of the horizon. He turned his chair that he might the more easily follow her movements.

Half-way down the room she opened a cupboard in the wainscot, in the recesses of which the glancing firelight enabled him to see the snowy lines of piled damask.

She took from the shelves a table-cloth, and as she shook the folds out over the table a faint scent of rosemary and lavender reached his nostrils. He felt that he had not half appreciated the riches of the room, when from another cupboard she took china and from yet another a home-made cake and dainties for the table.

"These walls are lined with good things," he said; but she was busy counting the cups and saucers, and she only smiled. He mechanically counted the cups and saucers too. There were five.

Having given her time to contemplate the table with housewifely care, and having read in her satisfied countenance that all was prepared, he ventured again, as she set chairs round, to open conversation.

"Who is there in the family beside yourself?"

"Only father and mother and Jack."

"Is Jack your brother?"

"No."

He was as far as ever from finding out anything about the inhospitable owner of the gruff voice, but a glance at the tea-table gave him inspiration.

"Father and mother, yourself and Jack," he said, with a smile. "That makes only four. But you have set five cups and saucers."

"Mother thought"—and the color rose slightly—"that as it is so late you'd be pleased, even if father can't let you the rooms, to take a cup of tea."

He was young enough to fear that his last words might have been open to misinterpretation; so his color rose a little too, while he had the good sense to accept the invitation.

"I did not mean to force myself on your party, but it is most kind of her. I left London early, and I am extremely hungry."

"Have you had no dinner?

The hospitable anxiety of Joan's voice set him quite at his ease again, and the only feeling of which he was conscious was of contented triumph in having gained a step over the gruff-voiced one, when he answered laughingly:

"Nothing since eight o'clock this morning. You may fancy how I long for a slice from that loaf."

Joan went out to convey the news to her mother, and a sympathetic murmur arose from the porch.

"Dear me, sir! dear me!" Mrs. Edson said, in the doorway of the parlor; "I am sorry to hear that you have had no dinner. You don't look—if you'll excuse me—strong enough to go fasting for so many hours. But we'll have tea directly!"

"Jenny, blow the fire till the kettle boils! We won't wait for your father."

The last direction came to Winthrop's ears from the depths of a room on the other side of the passage. Mrs. Edson had left the parlor, and he could not protest. He was not quite sure that he wished to protest, for he was, in truth, extremely hungry; and to a young man unaccustomed to petting there was something not unpleasant in the mere fact of the little fuss.

Since the days of his babyhood he did not remember that any one had taken so much interest in his dinner. He had neither mother nor sisters. His father had married again; but the fashionable little second wife looked on her step-son, who wanted but a few years of her own age, much more in the light of a cavalier owing service to her than of a boy to be taken care of. His father was a very busy man. Winthrop was, as he had told Joan, his father's private secretary—much more his private secretary than his son. The young man's life had been hitherto made up of work, lightened by such poetic dreams as his imagination had found opportunity in intervals of leisure to indulge. The tender simplicities of family life were unknown to him. He liked work, and he did it with all his heart. He nursed no quarrel against life, but, being just now somewhat beaten, he was in a mood to appreciate the shelter to which chance had driven him.

Tea had just been set upon the table, and Winthrop had taken the seat indicated to him when the master of the farm arrived. Mr. Edson went out to meet him and doubtless explained the case, for, after due sounds of washing had come from some distant region, a

little, hale, old man, with cherry red cheeks and brown hair brushed smoothly from his forehead, entered the parlor at her side and said as he held out a hand of welcome :

" The wife tells me, sir, that you are after our little rooms. But for the present you are sitting at my table. We'll have our meal first and the business can be talked of in good time. Thank you, missy, yes, I'm ready for my tea. Where's Jack ? "

The missing member of the household appeared as he spoke. He was a great, stupid-looking man with corduroy trousers strapped below the knee, and for all the ruddy beard which curled over his face, a something childish in his blue eyes made him seem yet like a lad. It could hardly be he, Winthrop thought, who had ventured opinions adverse to the lodger, but a few words were enough to enable Winthrop to identify him with the voice in the porch.

The old gentleman had his own views of politics. " I'm not for upsetting but I'm not for cringing," was the short, genial expression of them. " Let each man go his own way and take care of his own dignity, and the country will do."

Winthrop had plenty to say. All his anxiety to secure the lodgings could not keep him from combating views he disagreed with, and his candor cost him nothing.

When they rose from table the farmer said : " Young gentleman, we must have some more talk about these things. If you stop here for a fortnight we'll have an opportunity may be of an evening. But at this time of year we must make the most of daylight, so you'll excuse me now."

III.

So it was settled. Winthrop looked at the rooms, expressed his complete satisfaction, and having been instructed in a shorter way to the station, went himself to order his luggage to be sent up.

When he returned, a fire of small logs had been lit and a dish of primroses set upon the table. An armchair had been rolled up to the fire and a pair of candles burned upon the chimney-board. All his reasonable wants had been forestalled ; he was obliged to admit that he had been made as thoroughly comfortable as the circumstances allowed, but he was ill and out of sorts. He threw himself into the armchair, stretched out his feet to the blaze and gave himself up to a sense of unmitigated, desponding loneliness. He ended in sleep from which he woke just enough to perceive that

the fire was out and the candles half burned, and that he would be more comfortable in bed. Still half asleep he dragged himself upstairs, was faintly conscious as his head touched the pillow of the same odor of rosemary and lavender which he had noticed when Joan was laying the cloth in the parlor, and was lost there in happy oblivion till the sun was high over the apple-trees next morning.

Newly-hatched chickens were tumbling like balls of yellow fluff through the shining orchard grass when Winthrop first appeared on the steps leading from his room next day, but they tumbled so persistently in one direction, that even his Cockney eyes perceived it, and following them soon rested upon Joan who stood at some distance under a tree, scattering food from an earthenware plate that she held in her hand. There were some twenty or thirty young chickens and so trustful were they of her laughing welcome that they not only pressed round her feet, but as she held the plate down to laggards, some leaped into it, and took their fill.

Winthrop advanced. "Will you give me some breakfast too?" he asked.

"That I will," she said with a smile; "for I am sure you must need it. You slept so soundly yesterday evening, that though I went twice to ask if you'd take some supper you never stirred, and it seemed a pity to wake you."

"I wish you had wakened me."

"You did want something, then! Mother and I were in two minds, but when it was eleven o'clock and you were still asleep we thought we might go to bed."

"Which mind was yours?"

She looked at him a little blankly.

"You said you and your mother were in two minds."

"Oh!" and she laughed. "Mine was the same as mother's. It generally is. But we were both in two minds wishing to do for the best."

She had scattered the last food and was walking with him towards the sitting-room.

"If you will please say," she continued, "what time you like supper, I can bring it to you this evening without any occasion to trouble you, and if you should happen to be asleep I will get it quietly so that you shall find it when you wake."

There was such a considerate and serious air of wishing to do for the best in her manner, that he was touched by her kindness.

"I did not want anything to eat last night," he said, "but I felt, I don't know why, so horribly lonely, that I should have been glad of your coming in just to break the solitude; and I am sorry I missed it."

She looked at him with a grave pity shadowing her countenance.

"It must be very hard to feel lonely," she said, "especially when you're not well. However, I hope we shall set you up here. They say this air is very healthy."

Then she said timidly:

"If you should feel lonely as you did last night, mother and I usually sit in the porch of an afternoon with our needlework; and I don't know whether we would be any company. You'll be very welcome to come if you like."

She waited for no answer and he did not immediately profit by her invitation. Half-an-hour later he took his hat and strolled round to the front of the house.

So Winthrop's days began to arrange themselves in a sort of routine. He went out every morning and walked or painted in the woods. He came in when he pleased, to find Joan always watching for him, and his early dinner ready to be brought within a few minutes to the orchard room. Then, as the lassitude of the afternoon crept over him, he was glad to sit in the porch, where sometimes he found Joan alone, and sometimes the two women exchanged their friendly talk, their fingers busy meanwhile with works of order. Sometimes he talked to them, sometimes he merely listened to their voices while he occupied himself with continuing some sketch of the morning. But whether he talked or was silent, their pleasant contentment and their easy industry created round them a charm which he enjoyed more day by day.

Day by day, too, as he grew stronger, he became more venturesome in following Joan about her avocations on the farm, and his sketch-book was hardly ever out of his hands. Joan feeding the chickens, Joan feeding the lambs, Joan churning, Joan making bread, Joan ironing shirts, Joan mending linen, followed in page after page upon the primrose gatherer.

He was curious about this life which was new to him. He was interested to know how things were done and amused her by writing in tiny characters with an etching pen the recipe for her bread under the sketch of her making it, and directions for churning under the sketch in the dairy.

"You are always making or mending or helping something," he said to her one day. "You fulfil the primitive ideal of woman."

It happened that she was milking. She did not milk all the cows, but Primrose, the Alderney leader, was never touched by any hand but hers. He had come to the farm-yard to get the glass of milk which she always gave him at milking-time. As he spoke, he was watching her bent head and wondering whether the ring of hair which curled just on the back of her neck would be most rightly painted as gold or bronze.

She turned her head to look at him and the soft little ring disappeared.

"You make me think of things which I never thought of before," she said.

"Do I? I am glad of that, for you certainly make me think of things I never thought of before."

He was glad that she went again to her milking without reply, for the little ring of hair came back, and he noted that a still tinier fellow ring had curled out to join it.

"Will you have your glass quite full, sir, this evening?" was her next inquiry.

Instead of answering, he asked her a question. "Why do you say 'sir,' when you speak to me now? You did not at first."

"Mother does. I did not think of it at first."

"If you call me 'sir,' I shall call you Miss Edson."

She laughed, for he had from the beginning called her "Joan." "I hardly know your name, I have seen it on your letters, but you only said it once."

"My name is Winthrop."

"That is your first name. It is the second that I don't know how to pronounce."

"Winthrop is the name by which I like to be called. It was my mother's," he added with a sudden self-justification which may have been useful to him but which was quite lost upon Joan.

From that time, when she had occasion to address him directly, she tranquilly called him Mr. Winthrop.

As the May days grew longer, and Winthrop found his ordinary vigor returning, he began to enjoy a short walk through the woods after tea.

He had asked Joan once before to show him a walk which she had described, and she had said that she had no time in the morn-

ing to take walks. He said to her now one afternoon as they sat together in the porch:

"Joan, will you come for a walk this evening after tea?"

She looked at him smiling and said, "No."

"Why not?"

"I am going to churn after tea."

"I thought you always churned in the morning?"

"On Friday, I rub the parlor in the morning."

"May I ask what that means?"

"It means polishing the oak and the pewter dinner service."

"You don't mean to say that you do that?"

"Who else could do it?"

"I imagined that the clumsiest maids might be trusted with that kind of work."

"We have no maids."

"What! Do you keep the whole of this house clean and attend to the dairy and look after me?"

"Mother and I. While I was at school, mother had a maid; but when I came home, we thought we could manage the work and I was glad to make up something of what I had cost. Father is not rich."

It was a new subject of consideration for Winthrop. While he took his walk alone through the woods that evening, he began to think of himself as a very idle and luxurious member of society, and the speckless purity of the farm-house, when he returned to it, had an interest it had not had before. He looked at his room, she had cleaned it; at the fire on the hearth, she had lit it. He looked at his bed; she had made it. Downstairs the table stood ready for his evening meal; somewhere, she was preparing it. He sat by the fire and asked himself whether he had ever known a woman before. Those whom he had met in London seemed but poor and empty shams compared with this one.

IV.

"I CAN imagine scarcely any existence happier than that of an intelligent man, owning a piece of land like this in a lovely country, and having fully settled the question with his conscience, that it was right for him to spend his life in cultivating it."

Joan was in the dairy churning, Winthrop with his back against the trunk of the big cherry-tree, which shaded the dairy door, was expressing his views. She, as usual, listened intelligently.

"What makes you think this life specially happy?"

"I humbly believe that no one is ever so happy as when he is doing his duty, and this life represents a round of duties so simple, that with industry and good will a man might be certain of achieving, without half killing himself in a vain effort, after he scarcely knows what—some theory, some idea in which he has only half a faith."

"Isn't your life happy?"

"No. I don't mean that it is specially unhappy. I have nothing to complain of. My people are good to me. I have plenty of money and plenty to do. It is a very fair life, as life goes; but I never even think of happiness. It seems beside the question in the lives I mix with. We are all working, thinking, struggling, trying chiefly to find out what we believe, and so busy, that if we knew it would hardly make any difference. I assure you, that for the first time since I have been a man, it is occurring to me now, that we are intended to be happy, and that it is more dignified to possess your soul in peace in the midst of order and simplicity, than to fight to exhaustion in a crowd."

"'There is a higher than happiness which is blessedness,'" she said, gently, more, it seemed, to herself than to him.

The quotation was a new surprise to Winthrop.

"Will you tell me," he said, "why you think that my life may be more blessed than it is happy?"

"Because good people are not always clever, and I think you are very clever. When I listen to your talk, it sounds to me cleverer than father's, and you are quite young. By the time you are his age you may be a great man."

"I am not so clever as you imagine. I only talk the jargon of my world. But suppose I were, what then?"

"Then in the life that you are leading you can go on to great ends. Here, as in any life like this, there is nothing great; and the good we aim at is an easy good, too easy to be right for you."

"What is not too easy for you in goodness, could hardly be easy for me," he said, respectfully.

"Yes, it would, and that is why you are attracted by it; you said so yourself, just now. You have powers," and she raised her candid eyes to his with a simplicity which put compliment out of the question, "which I have only dreamed of."

"But you have dreamed? You have pictured to yourself a

larger life than this? How do you come to have thoughts which —which——"

"Are not of my class," she finished, quietly.

"I admit no such thing as class, which are not likely to have been suggested by these surroundings."

"Mother told you the other day that it was father's fancy to send me to a good school. While I was at school, I mixed with girls who had other thoughts and hopes than mine, and I read books and worked at music and painting, and I thought I would like to spend my life in those things. Then I came to understand that father is not rich, that farmers are not gentlemen, that I knew how to do many things which the girls at school knew nothing about at all, and because I knew I was bound to do them. So, because I could do it, I chose this life, and I came away from school home to help mother. I think I was right, I think we are bound to do according to our knowledge."

"And that is what you bid me do?"

"I do not bid you," she said, "you are much more likely to choose well than I. I was only explaining how I came to understand a choice."

"You are a thousand times right," he said.

The grate of Jack's rake on the gravel had been disturbing their conversation with appalling sounds. He had now reached the line of the open dairy door.

"You'd best hurry," he said, "as much as you can, to make up that butter, for the market-cart starts at three."

"Why, Jack, I've been quick to-day! See, the butter has come, and is half worked."

He stepped into the dairy to taste it.

"Mrs. Jessop complained last week that it was not salt enough, and now it's no salter. Talking and working don't agree. If your tongue's wagging and your hands are going, it is plain that your head can't be with both of them!"

"It is plain that you're very cross this morning, for I never put in all the salt till the second washing," Joan replied, gayly, as she fetched the salt-box from the corner; "and if you are going to be cross I can't have you in the dairy. Mr. Winthrop, I'm going to shut the door now, for fear the dust of the raking should blow over the butter while I am making it up."

She shut them both out, and Jack, without a sign, continued to

make the gravel shriek under his rake. Winthrop scowled unrestrainedly at the awkward, hulking fellow who had disturbed his *tête-à-tête;* but Jack's bushy head was impervious, and as with a market-cart starting at three there was no chance of another word with Joan that morning, Winthrop was fain to carry what she had already said away into the woods with him for meditation. Either to think or to occupy himself at home with the sound of that vile rake in his ears was impossible.

The next day was Sunday. When he came round to the porch that afternoon, he found it more full than usual. Farmer Edson sat back in one corner with his handkerchief over his face. Jack smoked on an outside seat. Joan had been reading, but the volume was lying on her lap. There was silence as Winthrop approached.

"We were speaking of you," Mrs. Edson said. "We were wondering that you could seem so contented here."

"Why not?" He took the seat that was left for him opposite Joan.

"It doesn't seem much of a life for a young gentleman like you."

"The weeks that I have been here are the happiest that I have ever spent. I think that Burnet wine of yours, Mrs. Edson, is some magical nectar, of which, who drinks, drinks content."

He was tasting inwardly a deep contentment. For the moment, he asked nothing better than to sit opposite Joan and watch the shadows thrown by the leaves upon her fair, still face.

Jack, to Winthrop's surprise, broke through his usual taciturnity.

"We were saying it was an odd thing because you seem to be living here like one of us, and we are not the equal of you. I've known gentlemen"—here Jack took his pipe from his mouth, and emitted slowly whiff after whiff of smoke, each of which had the value of a full stop, and seemed to add significance to his simple remark, till the meaning of it had passed ordinary comprehension—"and," he presently concluded, "they had nothing in common with such as we."

"I have in common with you, first of all, that I am a human being."

"I don't think much of human beings."

As this genial statement was shortly and thoughtfully enveloped in two further whiffs, Joan smiled one of her good, frank smiles.

"That is rather hard on us all, Jack."

"I have no great reason," he answered, after looking at her for a

moment, "to think much of myself, and I don't think a bit better of other men, whether they be my equals or no. I'm not speaking of the womankind."

"You set them above the rank of human beings?" Winthrop asked.

"I dussay I don't know as much about 'em as you do; but I put 'em a good bit above or a good bit below, according to their sort."

There was an acrimony in the method of delivering this last remark which confirmed Winthrop in a suspicion that Jack was wishing to quarrel; whether it was with himself or whether it was with Joan did not seem clear. But Winthrop intended to keep the peace; there was nothing to quarrel for.

"That is what I should ask you to do with the rest of humanity," he replied, good-humoredly. "Class us according to our sorts. In so far as we are men, you will admit that we all begin by being equal."

It was his father's theory and his faith. The "plum of equality" phrase recurred to his memory, and he found himself faintly wondering whether this lout would be tickled by the notion of a general level. He was bound to stand by his colors. He did not ask himself to explain why he contemptuously classed Jack as a lout.

"All men are equal in the sight of the Lord," Mrs. Edson said, under the very natural impression that she was agreeing with Winthrop.

Farmer Edson snatched the handkerchief from his face and started up vigorously, only checking himself in answer to the restraining hand which Joan laid quietly upon his knee.

"The only equality I know of between man and man is an equality for each one to do his best, and a right down hard best some men make of it."

He paused to polish his cherry cheeks with the handkerchief, and then continued, as if pleased with the idea:

"Why, the best a drunkard can do, maybe, is to cure himself of drinking, but while he's doing that a sober man has built himself a house. And do you mean to tell me that they are equal? Certainly not. The sober man has the start, and unless he's a great fool he'll keep it. Or do you mean to tell me that their children start equal? Certainly not. Always excepting the cast, a man's children start from where he leaves off! There are some will cast back, like poor Jack there, whose sense never came to him from his father; but if

you don't go ahead of me, missy, I'll disown you. There's how it is. Some of us get a start by nature, and some get a start by birth; and those that start first have a rare chance to come in first."

"Mother meant something bigger than you think, father," Joan said. "She meant that if we could know fairly about the start, it would matter little who came first or last."

The farmer looked at his wife.

"Ah! I daresay she did. You're a good girl, missy"—and he returned to the seclusion of his red pocket-handkerchief.

But Jack did not seem to have achieved his end. "What I have to say ——" he began.

Farmer Edson came out once more.

"You'd better leave it unsaid, Jack. There are the cows waiting for you now at the gate. Go and do your milking, my lad; that's your line."

Jack stood up with the obedience of a child, and knocked the tobacco from his pipe, but his heavy face visibly quivered, and he reddened so painfully over the eyebrows that Winthrop well understood the kindly instinct which led Joan to say:

"I'll go, too, and help you." And though the movement took her away from him, he loved her for it.

Winthrop was feeling very good, lifted much above his ordinary state, and the inward change of which he was conscious since he had become aware of the nature of his feeling for Joan, prevented him from observing for two or three days that Joan, too, was changed. He had grown naturally but unknowingly into a redoubled respect in his manner towards her. The invisible folds of his silent affection wrapped her in some sort from contact with the trivialities of daily life. He asked only to be near her.

It was not surprising that he remained for a time unaware that Joan had grown grave. When, in the morning, she told him that she had no time to talk, and occupied herself more constantly with the duties of the farm, it seemed only a natural correspondence with his own condition of mind. When, in the afternoon, she sat diligent in the porch and listened to what he and Mrs. Edson had to say, scarcely caring to join the conversation, it was again a mood so sympathetic to his own that he did not ask himself how it came about. She was scrupulously attentive in her care for him. Except to serve his meals, she never entered his room while he was there, but he rarely returned after an absence without find-

ing some trace of her passage. On one occasion, he had spoken with delight of the scent of cowslips. In the morning, cowslips had taken the place of the primroses in his bowl. On another, he pointed out to her in the orchard the drawing involved in a spray of apple-blossom. The next time he entered his room two jars holding apple-blossoms graced the chimney-board. So with all his tastes. He expressed none that she did not make it her business to gratify.

He loved these evidences of her thought. When he thanked her for them, she only smiled, and "you said you liked it" seemed reason enough to her for having done it.

And then—all within the week, but a week to a young man's love is as years later on—he began to feel that he could not do without her. The feeling was stronger than he. London life spread out before him as a dreary waste which he shuddered to enter companionless. It was not in human nature to walk voluntarily away from this warm and flowery spot, where happiness had come to him unsought; to abandon, without one effort, the gentle comrade who could, if she would, people the desert with her helpfulness.

Interminable vistas opened before him—mysteries of bliss. Ah! the birds did well to sing, the trees to bud, the flowers to give their scent out to the sun, the world to turn so gayly round, for life was very good.

He had thrown himself down to think on the spot in which, on the first morning of his residence at the farm, he had been conscious of the wholesome revival of his strength. He took pleasure in telling himself now that it was Joan who had brought him back to health, and the health she had given was something deeper than mere physical refreshment. The scepticisms of life had crumbled beneath her influence, and had proved themselves shells which enclosed a living faith.

He felt older, but very gravely and pleasantly older, as he went back to the farm.

He saw Joan's blue dress from afar; she was waiting for him in the porch, and at sight of him, she rose as usual, and went in to see about his dinner. Mrs. Edson brought it to him, but he knew that Joan was in the house, and he asked no questions. Mrs. Edson came also and cleared the table when he had finished. He still made no remark. He sat in his arm-chair by the open door, looking into the orchard.

He was only waiting, for he knew Joan's habits, and he knew that she presently would come. Yet though he knew it, his pulses throbbed, his heart beat with strong thumps against his side when he saw the first flutter of her dress.

He stood up, but he did not join her. He watched her first as she walked over the mosaic of the green gold floor, under the network of branches and the blue May sky, with shadows softly falling upon her. She went along the path from the kitchen door by the edge of the grass to the big apple-tree where she always fed her fowls.

Unconscious of any presence but her own, she looked neither to right nor left. The yellow broods rushed towards her, as their custom was, but she paid no heed to them on the way. She appeared to be wrapped in her own thoughts. It was only when she had reached the apple-tree and began to call the fowls together for their meal, that her voice, carrying with it something of that sadder sound which Winthrop had been endeavoring to recall, gave him the courage to approach.

He approached noiselessly over the grass. As he drew near, he saw that the sadness in her voice had not been his fancy. While she scattered the food and continued still, as usual, to call up laggards, tears were running over her cheeks and falling unheeded into the grass.

And then all his fear turned to joy—to a great and simple joy. She had been sad for him, but she should be glad. He would wipe her tears away. He would protect her tenderly. He would give up everything, if need be, for her dear sake. His life should be worthy of her.

"Joan, tell me," he said, "why do you cry?" His words were only the continuation of his thoughts aloud. She, unaware that he had been near, started with all the shame of being discovered, stooped to set her dish upon the ground, and profited by the opportunity to dry her eyes.

"I—I am not crying."

"No, but you were. Your tears have fallen upon the grass. Why should you hide them from me, dear? Joan, Joan, what is it?"

For she had renounced the attempt to deceive him, and while he held one hand tenderly in both of his, she had raised the other against the trunk of the apple-tree, and, leaning her head against it, had given way to a strong though silent burst of tears.

"Speak," he implored her. "Speak to me, Joan. Tell me if I

have anything to do with your trouble? Have I offended you? Have I hurt you? If I have, you will forgive me, I know you will forgive me, when you know that nothing was ever further from my thoughts. Only look at me, and let me tell you first how deeply and entirely I respect you."

He could not take her in his arms as he longed to do. They were in full view of the house. The apple-tree received the burden of all her sorrow for a moment or two, and then she recovered herself.

"It is not your fault," she said, as she drew her hand away, and the Joan he knew smiled at him over her tears, the tender catch in her breath as she spoke seeming to him more dear than a caress. "I have told them that I will not have you blamed. Jack is really in the wrong. But—but I love him just the same!"

"What?"

The wistful pathos of the last words had left no doubt whatever of their meaning in Winthrop's brain. He scarcely knew why he spoke. And yet—and yet such a dream as his could not be shattered without one word.

"What?" he repeated, as she still stood silent.

She noticed no difference in the tone of his voice. If his heart had needed conviction, he might have drawn it from the limpid clearness of the glance she now turned on him.

"I have always loved Jack—all my life," she said, "and I never thought about marrying him till I was a big girl at school. But there he came to see me once, and he told me he should never fancy another wife. So I thought about it, and I have tried ever since to be all that he likes, and to learn to make a comfortable home for him by and by. I could never be so good for any one as I could for Jack, and no one but me knows how good he is."

"That lout," Winthrop could think of him no otherwise, had had the power to draw out the practical side of her nature, and to make her the complete creature that she was. Before such a fact he stood silent.

"I know he is not always right," she went on, gently, "and I am saucy to him sometimes. But there never was any one so kind, and it would break my heart to think that I hurt his."

She had put the dagger in Winthrop's heart. Now she turned it and played with it so unconsciously, the pain was only worse.

"What—what—" he was groping for words. "What interferes? What has come between—you?"

He could with difficulty pronounce that "you," which seemed to him scarcely less than placing her in the arms of another man.

She was unaware that this question differed from the first, in which he had asked her why she wept, and a smile swam to him again on her fast gathering tears, as she answered, freely:

"Jack fancied that you cared for me in the sort of way that he does, and that I cared back for you. He didn't seem to understand that you were not the equal of us, to think of such things as that; and he's going to emigrate. He has gone, without saying a word to any one, and taken his passage to Australia."

"You were not the equal of us." It was Jack's own phrase that she had borrowed. What inequality was there, then? What difference, that she could not even think of him as a man? Winthrop almost ground his teeth in the rage which passed through him. But it passed, and he found himself saying:

"You must not let him go. You must explain."

And then the color which he had no power to stir mounted over neck and forehead up under her soft, waving hair.

"But I cannot beg him to marry me," she said. "I explained to him all I could, for I know he is not like another man to understand without a word. I told him that I loved to look at your pictures and to hear you talk, for it did me good, and that I looked after you the very best I could, for that was my duty when you were lodging here, and it was all I could do in return, but that I never thought of caring for you the way he meant. He only said he could do without me, but he wouldn't share with any man."

Winthrop looked at her in amazement. The brutality had not shocked her? No, it came from her chosen lout, and the web of her own delicate fancy was doubtless thrown over all.

"And he has taken his passage," she repeated. "He is like that, so decided in his own way."

"But I too am decided in my way, I too am kind, I too am a man. Why couldn't you have loved me?" The cry was wrung from him suddenly, sharply. She could not mistake now the emotion which lay behind his words.

"Did you want me to?"

"Of course, I wanted you to. Who could have helped it?"

"Oh! I am sorry." The pity of her benignant eyes recalled him to himself. "What a stupid, stupid, girl I have been. I will tell Jack that he was right, after all."

"No, Joan. Forgive me. Forget the senseless words I have said and tell Jack nothing. I have only my own idiocy to thank if I was for a moment deceived. I—I will speak to Jack. I shall leave the house to-night. All will come right between you. And for me, dear Joan, I may call you so now without offence, if you think of me sometimes when I am gone, think only this—that I shall count myself all my life the better for having known you, and for having loved you too, very dearly." He had again taken her hand while he was speaking. He raised it once to his lips, and left her without looking back.

And was it all for nothing, quite for nothing, that that blue figure had taught him what home might mean? Not quite for nothing. He was very young, life lay before him yet, and his farewell words to her were true.

That evening he was in London.

"Any the better, Winthrop, for your country trip?" his father asked.

"Much the better," was the answer, given with cordial emphasis.

"Settled that question of equality yet which was bothering you when you went away?"

"No. And don't expect that I ever shall. There was an old man down at the farm where I lodged, who seemed to have come as near it as I am likely to come yet. The only equality he knew of, he said, between man and man, was the equality of each one to do his best."

People in his circle troubled themselves little about where he had been. He took his old place again and worked hard at his old work. But it was the old place, the old work, the old life, with a difference. More and more every day he realized that it was not for nothing he had loved Joan. Ornamental and clever young ladies who exerted their fascinations for him in vain little suspected with what a simple ideal they were competing. And long, long after the wound had ceased to throb, he kept still amongst his treasured relics a sketch-book, of which the first picture was a primrose gatherer, standing in thoughtful attitude. Underneath he had added three words to the inscription, and it ran:

"Joan Edson,—thinking of Jack."

FLORA L. SHAW.

CRITICISMS, NOTES, AND REVIEWS.

THE HOME-RULE REBUFF.

By the defeat of the Home Rule Bill on its second reading the cause of Irish self-government is taken from the hands of a Parliament which was elected on different and varied issues, and referred to the source of political power,—the people of the United Kingdom. By them ultimately the question must have been settled, and that they are called to its solution a few months earlier than the friends of Mr. Gladstone hoped cannot be considered a cause for regret to the friends of Ireland.

The weeks of agitation which ended in apparent defeat for Home Rule have really developed a number of elements essential to its final success. Chiefest among them is the open avowal of a great party through its leader that Ireland has the right to govern herself. The whole Nationalist movement received abundant justification when the most conspicuous figure in British politics declared in the closing moments of the great debate: "Go into the length and breadth of the world, ransack the literature of all countries, and find if you can a single voice, a single book, find, I would almost say, as much as a single newspaper article in which the conduct of England toward Ireland is anywhere treated except with profound and bitter condemnation." A few minutes later this terrible indictment of his country by Mr. Gladstone was virtually approved by the votes of 311 Members of Parliament. There is only one atonement for so great a wrong, publicly confessed,—and that is to right it.

On the other hand, this agitation which ended in a seeming defeat has also produced a clear statement of what the Irish consider full reparation for the wrong. "I say," fervidly declared Mr. Parnell, "that as far as the Irish people can accept this bill they have accepted it without any reserve as a measure which may be considered the final settlement of this great question." This declaration by Mr. Parnell, on behalf of the Irish people, was accompanied with the assurances that his party understood perfectly well that the "Imperial Parliament has ultimate supremacy and ultimate sovereignty;" that they would not "cease from the work of conciliating" the fears of Ulster Protestants; that denominational education would undoubtedly be established in Ireland, and that the Parnellites would not claim the right of protecting Irish manufactures. The whole question of the retention of Irish Members at Westminster is left open by Mr. Parnell as not vital.

The issue is, therefore, clearly before the people of the United Kingdom, and on it alone will the electoral campaign be fought. In estimating the probable result it must be remembered that these things are in Mr. Gladstone's favor ;—the Irish vote in England and Scotland, which in the last campaign was cast against the Liberals will now be on their side ; the troublesome question of disestablishment which was then evaded by Mr. Gladstone and denounced by Lord Hartington is now removed to the "end of a long vista," and the socialistic schemes of Mr. Chamberlain can no longer embarrass the party from which he has cut adrift.

Against Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule will be arrayed position and wealth, tradition and prejudice, religious bigotry and Radical arrogance. Ninety-four (94) of the 334 members of his own party in the House have openly declared against him, and will be an aggressive element in the campaign.

The most uncertain factors in the contest are the 2,000,000 new voters who saved Mr. Gladstone from absolute defeat in last December, and the sympathy of Scotland, the great Liberal stronghold, with the Presbyterians of Ulster. Is it not a reasonable supposition that the new electors, who are not burdened with political traditions, will vote for Irish liberty, and that the Scotch people will not depart from their record as the friends of progress to deny to others the rights which they themselves have long enjoyed ?

And greater than all factions is that transcendent leader of men who hails the demand of Ireland for "a blessed oblivion of the past." From him and his cause the victory cannot be far removed.

EDUCATION BILLS BEFORE CONGRESS.

It is a significant fact that two different bills should have been pending in Congress at the same time, independent in origin and intent, which nevertheless coincided in indicating a common tendency which threatens at once the integrity of our Federal Constitution, and the purity and supremacy of our inherited Christianity. The first of these was the bill introduced by Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, and passed by the Senate, which provided for taxing the people of the United States $77,000,000 for the support of common schools in the States and Territories to be distributed in proportion to the illiteracy of their inhabitants. This would necessarily lead directly to the control of the schools thus supported by officers resident in Washington, and ultimately to the centralization of the entire public school system of the nation.

The second bill, introduced by Senator Ingalls of Kansas, provides for the founding of a great commanding National University, whose degrees, conferred only upon rigid examination, would become the standard by which literary and scientific eminence would be measured throughout the nation. Such a university, if successful, would become the seat of supreme academic

influence, giving character to the curriculum, standard, and aims of all State, local, and independent universities in the land.

The inevitable practical as well as logical issue to such schemes if carried into effect must be the genesis of a universal system of national education under an absolutely centralized governmental control. This would comprehend, as the proposed scheme for the National University explicitly does, faculties of philosophy, jurisprudence, political and social science, history, and the whole circle of human learning. It would comprehend every grade of school, common schools, graded, normal, gymnasia, provincial universities, crowned and practically governed by the National University proposed. This would necessarily imply a uniform administration of every part from the national centre, regulating on common principles the studies, the text-books, the selection of teachers, and the methods of instruction in every school within the system.

The former bill was ably controverted in the daily press and recent periodicals on the ground of its conflict with the reserved rights of the several States, and of its conferring upon the central government powers not granted by the Constitution. Sympathizing heartily with those who oppose these bills on this constitutional ground, and agreeing with them as to the gravity of the evil consequences to be apprehended if this centralizing policy should prevail, we prefer in this note to give expression to our objections to this scheme of national education on religious grounds. We need only to establish in connection two positions.

1st. It is impossible to doubt that such a system of national education administered by the Federal Government would be peremptorily dissociated from all positive religious teaching. The administration would be necessarily controlled by politicians, and political instinct would infallibly coincide with the prevalent views as to social justice, in recognizing the validity of the protest of every element of the community against the support of the common government of any religious opinions opposed to their own. Theists and atheists, believers, infidels and heathen, Christians and Jews, Catholics and Protestants would each protest against the teaching of opinions contrary to their own. It is demonstrable that the necessary result of such a process would be that all positive opinions must be sacrificed to their corresponding negations. The only possible basis of compromise in such a situation would be absolute silence on religious questions. This is abundantly illustrated in the history of the public shools and of universities under State control even in their hitherto undeveloped state. Hence has come to be received as an axiom even by some ministers of the gospel otherwise respectable, the monstrous and ignorant proposition: The State and the Church have no connection, therefore the State can have no religion; but the State must educate in self-defence, therefore the secular education of the people must be absolutely divorced from religion.

2d. The second position we insist upon is equally demonstrable. It is that at least in the entire sphere of the higher education a negative position

as to religion cannot be maintained. Mere physical science when strictly confined to the succession of phenomena, like abstract logic, or pure mathematics, may of course be discussed independently of all religious conceptions. But the human mind, neither in learning nor in teaching, ever confines itself to pure science. Both the teacher and the scholar must be constantly conscious of its philosophical basis and connections; *i. e.* of questions as to efficient causes and ultimate ends. The universe must be conceived of either in a theistic or atheistic light. It must originate in and develop through intelligence or in atoms and force and chance. Teleology must be acknowledged everywhere or be denied everywhere. Philosophy, ethics, jurisprudence, political and social science, can be conceived of and treated only from a theistic or from an atheistic point of view. The proposal to treat them from a neutral point of view is ignorant and absurd. English common law is unintelligible if not read in the light of that religion in which it had its genesis. The English language cannot be sympathetically understood or taught by a mind blind to the everywhere present current of religious thought and life which expresses itself through its terms. The history of Christendom, especially the history of the English-speaking races, and the Philosophy of History in general will prove an utterly unsolvable riddle to all who attempt to read it in any non-theistic, religiously indifferent sense. All such interpretation will necessarily be direct misrepresentation, the inculcation of falsehood in the place of truth. It is certain that throughout the entire range of the higher education a position of religious indifferentism is an absolute impossibility, that along the entire line the relation of man and of the universe to the ever-present God, and the supreme Lord of the conscience and heart, the non-affirmation of the truth is entirely equivalent to the affirmation at every point of its opposite.

The prevalent superstition that a noble and reliable human character can be built up, and that all social and political interests can be secured merely by an education of a high intellectual standard generally diffused without reference to its relations to religion is as unphilosophical, and as unscientific, as it is irreligious. It deliberately leaves out of view the most essential and controlling elements of human character; that man is as constitutionally religious (loyally or disloyally) as he is rational: that morals are impossible when separated from the religious basis out of which they grow: that as a matter of fact human liberty and stable republican institutions, and every practically successful scheme of universal education, have originated in the active ministries of the Christian religion and in these alone. This miserable superstition rests upon no fact of experience, and is on the other hand maintained on purely theoretical grounds in opposition to all the lessons which the past history of our race furnish on the subject. It is no answer to say that the deficiency of the national system of education in this regard will be adequately supplemented by the activities of the Christian Church. No court would admit in excuse for the diffusion of poison the plea that the poisoner knew of another agent actively engaged in diffusing an anti-

dote. Moreover, the Churches divided, and without national recognition, would be able at the utmost to counteract very inadequately the evil done by the State Schools armed with the prestige of national authority and of the very highest learning. But, more than all, atheism taught in the school cannot be counteracted by theism taught in the Church. Theism and atheism cannot coalesce to make anything. All truth in all spheres is *organically* one, and vitally inseparable. It is impossible for different agencies with absolute independence to discuss and inculcate the religious and the merely natural and rational sides of truth respectively. They cannot be separated; in some degree they must be taught together, as they are known and experienced in their natural relations.

In view of these facts, we are thoroughly convinced that such a comprehensive and centralized scheme of national education if once thoroughly realized would prove the most appalling enginery for the propagation of anti-Christian and atheistic unbelief, and of anti-social nihilistic ethics, individual, social, and political, which this sin-rent world has ever seen.

We are confident that under existing conditions the only course practically open to us, and at the same time consistent with the perpetuity of our religious traditions, and of our social and political institutions as founded upon them is, 1st, to confine the schools under State control to the lower grades of education; and 2d, to leave these schools individually under the control of local boards. In a purely common school education, the religious questions about which citizens differ although present are not so omnipresent nor so urgent. If each individual school is left to its independent choice of text-book and of teachers, and as to the recognition of religion, then every local community could have its own views as to the religious education of its children carried out. In each case the local majority would govern, and our schools in different sections would differ in religious character precisely as the inhabitants of those sections themselves differ; and at these grades of age and of education the Sunday schools can more efficiently contribute to correct deficiencies. We may, on the other hand, surely leave the interests of the higher educatian to that intelligent and munificent private patronage which has in our infancy presented us with the wise constitutions and the competent endowments of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, Cornell, etc., in which, in all conscience, anti-sectarianism has been sufficiently provided for.

BANCROFT'S PLEA FOR THE CONSTITUTION.*

ONE of the most troublesome questions with which our statesmen have been called on to deal is that of paper money. In pre-revolutionary times,

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* *A Plea for the Constitution of the United States of America Wounded in the House of its Guardians.* By George Bancroft. New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, 1886. Pp. 95.

the colonies tried repeated experiments in legal-tender paper with results uniformly disastrous. The Articles of Confederation contained a clause granting to the United States the power to emit "Bills of Credit," but the Constitution, while expressly withholding this prerogative from the States, is silent regarding the power of the general government. But the presumption of our leading statesmen and judges during the greater part of our history has been that no such power exists under the Constitution. Several times during our recent history Congress has assumed the authority to issue legal-tender notes, but only in a great emergency, and the law of self-preservation was urged in its justification. It was reserved for the Supreme Court on the 3d of March, 1884, to assert as a constitutional power, in time of peace, what had before been resorted to only as a necessity of war.

This act of the Supreme Court has called forth a weighty and timely protest from our eminent historian, Bancroft, in a pamphlet of ninety-five pages, entitled *A Plea for the Constitution of the United States of America.* Mr. Bancroft claims that the court in its decision has violated the Constitution, and appeals to history to prove his position. His argument may be stated in two propositions, (1) that the intention of the framers of the Constitution was to withhold from Congress the power to emit legal-tender notes; (2) that the construction put upon the Constitution by its framers and authoritative expounders, and confirmed by a long line of decisions of the Supreme Court, is contradictory to the doctrine enunciated by the court in 1884.

The first proposition is established by a convincing array of historical facts. The disastrous effects of the colonial experiments with irredeemable paper and the utter collapse of the Revolutionary "Bills of Credit" had so impressed the minds of the men of that period with the dangers of such a currency that when the convention met to frame the new Constitution the great majority of its members were decided in favor of closing the door against its issue. The debates and resolutions in the national convention which adopted, and in the State conventions which ratified, the new instrument are conclusive on this point. There is no room for a reasonable doubt that the intention of the fathers of the Constitution was to withhold from Congress a power whose exercise had been fraught with so much mischief. Mr. Bancroft establishes his second proposition with equal conclusiveness. A long line of eminent witnesses, including both liberal and strict constructionists, agree in maintaining that the government under the Constitution is a limited sovereignty of enumerated powers. They insist that what the Constitution does not grant expressly or by necessary implication is withheld, and that the exercise of such a power cannot be justified on constitutional grounds. This doctrine has been enunciated and defended by Marshall, Story, Kent, Cooley, and other eminent authorities on constitutional law. It has been put forth repeatedly by successive supreme courts, and by none more emphatically than by this same court in 1882. What are we to think, then, of the ground taken by this court in its decision of March, 1884? "The

power to make the notes of the government a legal tender in the payment of private debts being," it asserts, "one of the powers belonging to sovereignty in other civilized nations, and not expressly withheld from Congress by the Constitution, we are irresistibly impelled to the conclusion that the impressing upon the treasury notes of the United States the quality of being a legal tender in the payment of private debts is an appropriate means conducive and plainly adapted to the execution of the undoubted power of Congress."

In his review of this decision Mr. Bancroft shows that its historical assumption is not borne out by facts. Other civilized as well as uncivilized nations have at various times experimented with legal-tender paper, but their experience, like our own, has been almost uniformly disastrous. The claim that to emit such a currency is an inherent right of sovereignty is, therefore, greatly in need of proof. Mr. Bancroft then proceeds to demonstrate that the court's interpretation of the Constitution is without precedent. He characterizes it as a novelty. The doctrine of "implied powers" which has been called the "dynamic principle" in the history of the Constitution rests on different grounds. "Under every constitution," says Judge Cooley [*Constitutional Limitations*, p. 77], "implication must be resorted to in order to carry out the general grants of power. A constitution cannot from its very nature enter into minute specifications of all the minor powers naturally and obviously included in, and flowing from, the great and important ones which are expressly granted. It is, therefore, established as a general rule that when a constitution gives a general power or enjoins a duty, it also gives by implication every particular power necessary for the exercise of the one or the enjoyment of the other." The legitimate doctrine of implied powers is, therefore, founded on the idea of *necessary implications* from powers *expressly granted*, but the Supreme Court takes the ground that the United States possesses all sovereign powers not *expressly prohibited* in the Constitution. Mr. Bancroft characterizes this interpretation as revolutionary. The court virtually assumes the right to change the Constitution, but it has no more power to do this than any other nine men in the country. The Constitution dictates the method of its own amendment and to attempt any other way is usurpation. Mr. Bancroft's plea comes in a very opportune moment. The decision which he reviews is one of the many signs of the times which give a show of plausibility to the claim that our Constitution is a worn-out garment that the people are casting aside. There can be no doubt that we are passing through a critical period and that many dangers beset our path. The altered conditions of our national life, which have arisen out of the war and the exigencies of our rapidly developing resources, have created necessities for the satisfaction of which our Constitution does not make adequate provision. We have our choice, however, between two alternatives, either to surrender our charter and concede that the experiment of a written constitution has proved a failure, or to adopt the constitutional remedy and re-adapt the organic law to the requirements

of the present in so far as may be necessary. The time may have come, not unforeseen by the fathers, for the calling of another national convention and the revising of our organic law as a whole. But we insist on it, the constitutional remedy is the true one. The Constitution raises a powerful barrier against the tide of centralization which threatens to ingulf our liberties. Our only hope as a nation is to stand by our charter, or if necessary to appeal with Mr. Bancroft to the sense of the people, the masses of intelligent voters who are the conserving factor in our politics.

McCOSH'S PSYCHOLOGY.*

Doctor McCosh's work on psychology is designed for a text-book in colleges and schools, and is to be followed by another volume on the Motive Powers, treating of the conscience, emotions, and will. The author has attained the highest eminence in almost every department of philosophy, as a metaphysician, a moralist, a logician, and a historian and critic of philosophy. His pupils, who have enjoyed the rare privilege of sitting under his instruction, have long known, however, that his masterwork has been done in the field of psychology. To this science he has brought special qualifications of the highest order, and the volumes which are now appearing are the gathered fruit of long years of patient study and investigation.

The present volume treats of the cognitive powers. In a preliminary chapter the author defines psychology as the science which inquires into the operations of the human mind with a view to determining their laws. The limits are thus carefully drawn between psychology and metaphysics, and the door is closed against à priori speculation. The method to be employed is induction, as unfolded by Bacon, beginning with careful observation and collection of facts. From these the laws are to be drawn, and assumptions are, as far as possible, to be avoided. Doctor McCosh is opposed to all speculation in psychology, and seeks to restrain the inquirer within the less pretentious but more fertile region of sober facts and empirical laws.

The cognitive powers are classed under three heads, named respectively the simple cognitive, the reproductive and the comparative. The simple cognitive powers are self-consciousness and sense-perception. From these the mind must obtain the simplest elements of knowledge, which it proceeds to elaborate by means of other powers. Starting, then, with the simplest elements, Doctor McCosh opens his book with a treatise on the senses, in which the relations of mind and body, the physiological structure of the special sense organs, and the original and acquired elements in the perceptions of the various senses are considered. The author shows a thorough acquaintance with the results of the latest research in Great Britain and Germany into the physiological conditions of sensation. His fine powers of observation

**Psychology: The Cognitive Powers.* By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D. 1 volume, crown 8vo, $1.50. 245 pages. New York, 1886: Charles Scribner's Sons.

and discriminating judgment stand him in good stead here, and it is safe to say that the chapter on the senses is the most complete and satisfactory that has yet appeared in any English work on psychology.

Part Second treats of the reproductive powers. The mind, having obtained its original stock of facts through simple cognition, proceeds to dispose and elaborate it. The powers involved in these functions are the retentive, the recalling or phantasy, the associative, the recognitive, the compositive and the symbolic. The mind, exercising retention, preserves what it has once acquired. It is able to recall and represent by means of the phantasy. But the most important factor in reproduction is the associative power. Doctor McCosh's discussion of the laws of association is one of the most valuable features of his book. He distinguishes between two kinds of association —a lower and a higher form. The law of the first is contiguity in space and time; that of the second, correlation, or the connecting of ideas by means of some higher relation, like resemblance in cause and effect. The primary laws of association are supplemented by certain secondary laws depending on the degree of mental energy involved in the original perception. In this connection the author gives an original and suggestive note on the ultimate nature of correlative association. He reaches the conclusion that this form of association may be reduced to the single law that like recalls like. If this be made out, as it seems to be, it goes far toward the final explanation of the phenomena of association. The remaining powers, together with the complex faculties of memory and imagination and the symbolic linguistic power, are unfolded with a penetrating insight and a wealth of illustration which leaves nothing to be desired.

Part Third treats of the *comparative* powers, or the faculty of relations. The mind, on comparing things, discovers certain simple and primary relations. Sir William Hamilton, following Kant, assigned these to a regulative faculty and treated them as subjective principles in the mind. Doctor McCosh insists that they are also objective relations among things, and that the mind perceives them by direct contemplation. The primary relations, according to the author, are identity, whole and parts, resemblance, space, time, quantity, active property, cause and effect. The discussion of these relations is extremely interesting and valuable. They are set forth as primary intuitions which form the connecting links between psychology and metaphysics, it being the business of psychology to discover them, while it is left to metaphysics to unfold their tests and treat them as stepping-stones to higher knowledge. The first relation, identity, is the foundation of logic, giving rise to the three fundamental laws upon which the discursive operations of conception, judgment, and reasoning are founded.

The concluding chapter treats of the rise of our ideas. We derive cognitions and ideas from both sense-perception and self-consciousness. But these are not the sources of *all* our knowledge. In the exercise of our cognitive faculties we arrive at certain ideas, such as time and the infinite. By the use of the comparative powers we discover a number of relations that

are not derived from experience. From the exercise of the motive powers we reach other fundamental ideas. These must supplement experience in order to make our knowledge complete.

One of the most important features of Doctor McCosh's book is his theory of perception, to which he gives the title Natural Realism. This is not identical with the so-called theory of common sense, nor is it the crude realism which has vexed the souls of so many critics. Natural realism does not assert that we perceive things all in a lump. It maintains that perception is a process, and carefully distinguishes between its original and acquired elements. The essential feature of natural realism, as held by Doctor McCosh, is its assertion of the objective reality of the facts of perception. The world which we perceive through the senses has a real existence, independent of the mind, and would continue to exist were the mind's perceptive functions to cease to act. This is the fundamental dictum of natural realism.

As a discussion of psychological questions, Dr. McCosh's treatise possesses the highest value. As a text-book, there is no other book that can compare with it. It is not a mere compend of psychological doctrines, but the matured system of a master who has given to his subject the best years of his life. The book is specially rich in critical notes and historical summaries of the fruits of recent investigations in physiological psychology and other fields of psychical research.

JOHN BUNYAN AND HIS TIMES.*

After two centuries of time, and twenty successive biographies, Bunyan's successor in the cure of souls at Bedford, in England, has given us the first satisfactory narrative of his life and times. Mr. Brown has shown a scholar's diligence and discretion in collecting and discussing whatever might clear our conception of the man and his period. Around the few facts ascertainable about the personal history of Bunyan, he has assembled such a nimbus of information respecting his times, as Masson has gathered to help our estimate of Milton. Public and private records, printed and manuscript, have been searched to illumine the smallest points in the narrative. The result of the whole book, is that the inspired "brasier," as in his will he called himself, appears to us in his own plain clothes, unlettered as he was, yet manly and noble in soul, meek yet resolute, walking with God, and striving with all his might

"To drawen folk to heaven with faireness."

Bunyan's life exactly fills the interval between the "Petition of Right," presented to Charles II. 1628, and the "Bill of Rights," passed in 1689. He

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**John Bunyan, his Life, Times, and Work.* By John Brown, minister of the church at Bunyan meeting, Bedford. Boston [London]: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. 498 pp. 8vo.

was born in 1628, of a father whose condition we may infer from his employment, was that of a tinker. Far from concealing it, he says "My father's house was of that rank that is meanest and most despised in the land." When he comes to speak of his marriage, he says: "This woman and I came together as poor as might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon betwixt us both." Poverty attended him all his life, notwithstanding the great sale of some of his books; and the one-storied house in which he last lived, taken down in 1838, was of the poorest description. He was not pastor at Bedford till 1672, after his long imprisonment; and from the poor people of his small church could have received very little, if anything at all.

He did not rush into the ministry, but was incited to it by his brethren, and the more as they perceived his fitness for it. His discourses were so valued and his spirituality so revered, that his ministrations were coveted in all that region; and in the end such a supervision of religious affairs was committed to him that he was known as "Bishop Bunyan." During the protectorate all this passed unquestioned; but no sooner was monarchy restored than those who had been humiliated by "the saints" resolved to make the dissenters feel the return of priestly power. It was for preaching to a small company at a farm-house, in November, 1660, that Bunyan was first arrested by a country magistrate. Forewarned of the intention, and counselled to fly, he walked alone in a field, considering what his duty might be. He came to the conclusion that he ought to show an example of firmness in suffering for the right of preaching God's Word, and returned to the house, saying to himself, "I must do it." So tenderly attached to his family, that parting from them "seemed like pulling the flesh from his bones," he yet said, "I must do it." Greater heroism cannot be found. At any time during twelve years, a promise from him to desist from preaching would have set him free; but he would not give it. Looking back from our own times, we can scarce realize that only for such an act, an Englishman could be thrown into a common jail; much more, could be held there twelve years. Amazing, indeed, it seems that such a lawyer as Sir Matthew Hale, importuned by Bunyan's wife, found no way to deliver him. Twelve years' loss of liberty in the company of felons, in crowded, chill apartments, living on wretched food, liable to insult and cruelty, and uncertain how far the injustice of higher powers might go, this it was to which Bunyan condemned himself. Nine of his books proceeded from the county jail of Bedford, growing out of the sermons he preached to his fellow-prisoners. They were printed in London, for the benefit of his family, whom otherwise he strove to aid by netting a coarse species of lace.

The Declaration of Indulgence, proclaimed by Charles, in March, 1672, set Bunyan at liberty once more; and he entered immediately upon his function of preaching in Bedford. But on the accession to power of Danby and his associates, in 1765, the Declaration of Indulgence was withdrawn, and Bunyan was arrested again. This time, however, the jail on Bedford Bridge was his place of detention, three months; and then and there *Pil-*

grim's Progress was begun. Thirteen years he survived his final enlargement, preaching and writing all the time, producing in all sixty different publications. Business connected with these carried him often to London, where he made the acquaintance of many eminent dissenters. Chief of these was the illustrious John Owen, vice-chancellor under Cromwell, of the University of Oxford, who told King Charles that he would give all his learning for the tinker's power of touching men's hearts. Among these friends, August 31, 1688, he died, aged sixty, and was buried in Bunhill Fields.

John Bunyan is the noblest instance, perhaps the only instance, of a man wholly uneducated (except in the rudiments of learning), rising without foreign aid to the production of a work admired alike by the simplest and the most cultivated reader—the delight of children, and the envy of scholars. Other men, untaught in childhood, have learned to love books passionately, and have climbed the highest steeps of literature ; but Bunyan was never a reader. Two books only he carried into Bedford jail to be companions of his imprisonment—the Bible and the *Book of Martyrs*. When he was visited by a curious inquirer, not long before his death, "his study consisted only of a Bible and a parcel of books, chiefly his own." Bunyan himself says : "My Bible and my concordance are my only library in my writings." Cobbett, alone, with his "perfection of rough Saxon English," can be compared with him. Yet, great as even Milton's glory deserves to be, his fame may not be greater than Bunyan's.

The *Pilgrim's Progress* has been translated into near a hundred languages, and multiplied by millions of copies. Wherever Christianity spreads, that book becomes the comfort of saints and the delight of their children. It is the only allegory that ever succeeded. Hundreds have been written only to become bores. The attempt to find its model or its materials in any that preceded is simply ridiculous. Its originality is as certain as its superiority is unquestionable.

As a preacher, Bunyan used chiefly the hortatory style. His lack of discipline made him incapable of the regular development of any topic. But the copious originality of his mind, the lively imagination which found illustrations in the most familiar objects, and the deep experience which he had in the Christian life filled every discourse with pungent expressions, which could not fail to thrill every hearer. He was full of English manliness and good sense ; and his intense earnestness kept him from the follies of many theologians and the narrowness of many sects.

BOOK NOTICES.

ENGLISH HYMNS: Their Authors and History. By SAMUEL WILLOUGHBY DUFFIELD. Author of 'The Latin Hymn-writers and their Hymns,' 'The Heavenly Land,' 'Warp and Woof: A Book of Verse,' 'The Burial of the Dead,' etc., etc. Funk & Wagnalls. New York, 1886.

Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, in a letter to the Marquis of Montrose early in the eighteenth century, said: "I knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." If this often-quoted judgment be true as the influence of one class of lyrical poetry upon the life and manners of a people, it must be true to a greater degree, if it be extended to include religious lyrics or hymns. The influence of Rouse's metrical version of the Psalms of David upon the religious, and of consequence, upon the social, intellectual, and political life of Scotland, cannot possibly be estimated too highly. It has been to Scotchmen, not merely an acceptable version of an important portion of Scripture, but that particular part and version of God's Word which has inspired and moulded their lives. It has been their book of intimate devotion, public and private, and thus given character to their religious experience. It has been their liturgy, affording them their habitual vehicle for the expression of their religious affections in their intercourse with God at all times. It has furnished them largely the materials for their theology, and of their proverbial philosophy. There is no parallel in history of one people, being to so great a degree affected by a single collection of songs, sacred or otherwise. On the other hand, the interest attaching to the entire body of Christian hymns existing in the English language, is far more various and extensive if it be less intense. Though not inspired in the sense of being infallible and authoritatively typical, they are, in the most comprehensive sense, the products of inspiration in that they echo all the voices of Biblical Revelation, and at the same time give original expression to the profoundest experiences of the most saintly souls under the leadings of Spirit and Providence of God through all the Christian ages. Neither the completed histories of all philosophical and all theological speculations would give so deep and true a reflection of the real life of the Protestant nations, certainly of the English-speaking nations, as a complete and critical collection of their hymns. The interest in these necessarily includes their authors, occasions, versions, and subsequent histories, as well as the bare text itself. Doctor Duffield has accomplished a work of great value worthy of his subject. He possesses and has exercised the taste, tact, learning, religious, feeling, and painstaking diligence, necessary for its adequate treatment. In a large volume of 623 pages, he gives the history with various degrees of fulness of nearly fifteen hundred hymns arranged alphabetically by their first lines. He has availed himself of the most copious and authoritative sources of knowledge accessible on this continent, and has done faithful scholarly work. The book is enriched with a chronological table of English hymn-writers, from Miles Coverdale, 1569, to Francis Butler St. John, 1879, and an index of the authors of the hymns annotated or mentioned in this work.

THE BIBLE AN OUTGROWTH OF THEOCRATIC LIFE. By D. W. SIMON. New York: Scribner & Welford. 1886.

The amazing recent advance of the physical sciences has, in virtue of their methods, rather than their results, produced a profound impression upon all departments of human thought. In some directions and to a certain extent, the influence has been unsettling and injurious, but, on the whole, it has been a great and permanent advantage. The conception, and even the habitual recognition of the imminence of God in all things and events is not new, as many badly informed impugners of the old theology vainly pretend. It is involved in all forms of the old Grecian philosophy, which has always exerted so much influence over Christian thought, and it has been emphasized in the school of St. Augustine, which has been prevalent throughout the Western Church to the present time. But it is true that it has hitherto been customary to conceive of God's action upon his creatures rather as coming upon them from without, than as inspiring and guiding their own natural powers, and of the effect attributable to him as being brought into existence suddenly, rather than as growing gradually through a process following a recognizable law. Theologians as well as scientists are coming to see that the method of God is always historical, that he

brings all things to pass alike in the moral and physical world by a process of genesis, through the coöperation of all natural forces. This is especially recognized as the method by which the entire canon of sacred Scripture and all its constituent parts, were brought into being, not by a single creative act, but by long-continued and widely extended providential process; a providence at once leaving all the human agents free, and at the same time bringing into exercise every form of God's activity, external and internal, natural, gracious, and supernatural, and embracing and controlling to one purpose all the human agents and natural forces immediately or remotely related to the subject. The *genesis* of Holy Scripture, is a subject which embraces all the antecedent history of the world out of which it sprang. The inspiration of Scripture is, on the other hand, a special subject relating only to the degree of accuracy in stating truth, which the special divine controls in the case of these Scriptures secured and guarantees. This work of Professor Simon, exhibits this view of the genesis of Scripture fairly well. It is sound and truly Christian at the bottom. But the recognition of the historical process by which Scripture was generated, does not, as he appears to think, in the least conflict with the recognition of it both in matter and form as a revelation from God. Nor is there anything in the historical view of the genesis of Scripture, in the least inconsistent with the very highest and strictest view of inspiration ever entertained; an inspiration securing perfect inerrancy, and extending even to the words.

THE APOSTOLIC AND POST-APOSTOLIC TIMES; Their Diversity and Unity in Life and Doctrine. By GOTTHARD VICTOR LECHLER, D.D., Ordinary Professor of Theology, Privy Ecclesiastical Counsellor in Leipsic. Third edition, thoroughly revised and rewritten. Translated by A. J. K. DAVIDSON. Two vols. New York: Scribner & Welford. 1886.

The point of view defined in the preceding paragraph has necessarily led to a corresponding view as to the graduated delivery of doctrine through a progressive course of revelation running through both Testaments. Systematic theology emphasizing the unity of Scripture as the *Word of God* exhibits the whole body of revelation as finally delivered in one complete system. But the new method of Biblical theology exhibits the divine truth communicated severally to every one of the sacred writers, in the special form in which he conceives and presents it. The result of which is the apprehension of the actual historical facts of revelation, of the truth revealed, the order of revelation, and the various forms in which it is set forth, and hence the appreciation, before unattainable, of the infinite variety, fulness, and unity of God's revelation of himself, of his works, and of his intentions. The work of Professor Lechler is the ripe fruit of a long and studious life, being a learned, critical, and at the same time judicial and fair exhibition of the true process of the reception and delivery of doctrine during the Apostolic age and immediately after in opposition to the old negative critical school of Baur and his followers and successors. It is a book of great scientific value, and of essentially orthodox conclusions.

NATURE AND THE BIBLE: Lectures on the Mosaic History of Creation in its Relation to Natural Science. By Dr. F. H. REUSCH, Professor of Catholic Theology in the University of Bonn. Revised and corrected by the Author. Translated from the fourth edition by KATHLEEN LYTTELTON. Two vols. New York: Scribner & Welford. 1886.

That Science and Christian Theology cannot be really at variance is demonstrated by the fact that a work of such scientific knowledge and judicial fairness can proceed from an accredited teacher of the same Church which condemned Galileo. It states fairly and with very competent knowledge the present conclusions of science and the present opinion of orthodox Christians, respectively, as to the facts of nature and as the true teaching of Scripture, as to the Creation of the World, the Origin of Life, the Theory of Descent, the Origin, Original Condition, Unity, and Antiquity of the Human Race.

GERMAN PSYCHOLOGY OF TO-DAY. By TH. RIBOT. Translated from the Second French edition by JAMES MARK BALDWIN, late Fellow of Princeton College, with Preface by JAMES MCCOSH, D.D., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Th. Ribot is a leading representative of the experimental philosophy in France, being Director of the *Revue Philosophique* and holding a prominent position in the Faculty of the Sorbonne. He is already known to English readers as the author of an interesting history of the Empirical Psychology of Great Britain. The present work is a masterly account of the experimental school of contemporary German psychology. It was founded by Herbart, whose attempt to reduce the laws of mental phenomena to mathematical formula, started inquiry in a new direction. Since Herbart, the Experimental School has developed along two distinct lines. (1) That of *Physiological Psy-*

chology, which aims by exact experiments on the brain and nerves to discover and formulate mental laws in physiological terms. (2) That of *Psychophysics*, which seeks to determine exactly the ratio between sensation and its external cause. The principal workers of this school have been Herbart, Lotze, Helmholz, Wundt, and Lechner. Its main characteristic is the application of mathematics and the rigorous experimental methods of physical science to mental facts. M. Ribot believes that the new method will prove more fruitful than the less exact methods of the old psychology, but thinks it too early, as yet, to predict with certainty what the outcome of the new depenture will be. One fact is beyond question, the new psychology has established itself as a legitimate branch of inquiry. The book is all that could be desired in the way of history and explanation. Mr. Baldwin merits the thanks of the English-reading public for his neat and timely translation.

FOUR CENTURIES OF SILENCE; OR, FROM MALACHI TO CHRIST. By the REV. R. A. REDFORD. Jansen, McLurg & Co. Chicago, 1885.

This admirable volume treats of an important but much neglected period of Jewish history. The four centuries from Malachi to Christ mark the decay of the Jewish religion and the expiring struggles of the Jewish national life. But they are also a line of germination and preparation for a new era. During this period the most prominent features of the Jewish life in the time of Christ had their origin. The Old Testament was translated into Greek, the Apocryphal books were composed, the Jewish sects originated, the Sanhedrim was founded, the Rabbinical schools were established and the traditions grew up in connection with them. Alexandria formed a second centre of Jewish life, almost as important as Jerusalem, and under the stimulus of Greek ideas developed a new phase of Judaism. The golden thread that runs through the whole period is the Messianic hope which grows in intensity as the national life declines, until its final expression in the "Voice in the Wilderness" of Christ's immediate forerunner. The author's treatment of his theme merits the highest praise. His book will do much to bridge over a painful gap in Jewish history, and it also shows very clearly how the historical antecedents of Christ, when rightly comprehended, "confirm the faith of those who accept the authority of Scriptures, while they illustrate the wonderful method of Divine Providence in preparing the way for the higher revelations of Christianity." Professor Redford's book will be welcome to all who can appreciate a masterly treatment of a deeply interesting theme.

BOOKS RECEIVED,

Of which there may be critical notice hereafter.

ABBEY.—*Poems*, pp. 256. Kingston, 1886: Henry Abbey.

AMIEL'S JOURNAL.—Translated by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, pp. vii, 483. London, 1885: Macmillan & Co.

ARMSTRONG.—*The Two Books of Nature and Revelation Collated*, pp. 213. New York, 1886: Funk & Wagnalls.

BACON.—*The Simplicity that is in Christ*, pp. 339. New York, 1886: Funk & Wagnalls.

BARTLETT AND PETERS.—*Scriptures, Hebrew and Christian.* Vol. i., pp. 545. New York, 1886: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BRYANT.—*Philosophy of Landscape Painting*, pp. 282. St. Louis, 1882: The St. Louis News Company.

BURROUGHS.—*Signs and Seasons*, pp. 289. Boston, 1886: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

CAVE.—*Introduction to Theology*, pp. 576. New York, 1886: Scribner, Welford & Co.

CHANCELLOR.—*Life of Charles I.*, pp. 180. New York, 1886: Scribner, Welford & Co.

COOKE.—*Poets and Problems*, pp. 388. Boston, 1886: Ticknor & Co.

DUFFIELD.—*English Hymns*, pp. 675. New York, 1886: Funk & Wagnalls.

GUNSAULUS.—*The Transfiguration of Christ*, pp. 267. Boston, 1886: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

HEDGE.—*Hours with German Classics*, pp. 531. Boston, 1886: Roberts Bros.

JANES.—*Human Psychology*, pp. 295. New York, 1886: Baker & Taylor.

PORTER.—*Kane's Ethics*, pp. xviii, 249. Chicago, 1886: S. C. Griggs & Co.

ROYCE.—*California*, pp. 513. Boston, 1886: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

SCOTT.—*Sculpture, Renaissance and Modern*, pp. 178. New York, 1886: Scribner & Welford.

VINCENT.—*The Chautauqua Movement.* With an introduction by Lewis Miller, pp. ix, 308. Boston, 1886: Chautauqua Press.

WHITTIER.—*St. Gregory's Guest and Recent Poems*, pp. 66. Boston, 1886: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.